

to Suffolks

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



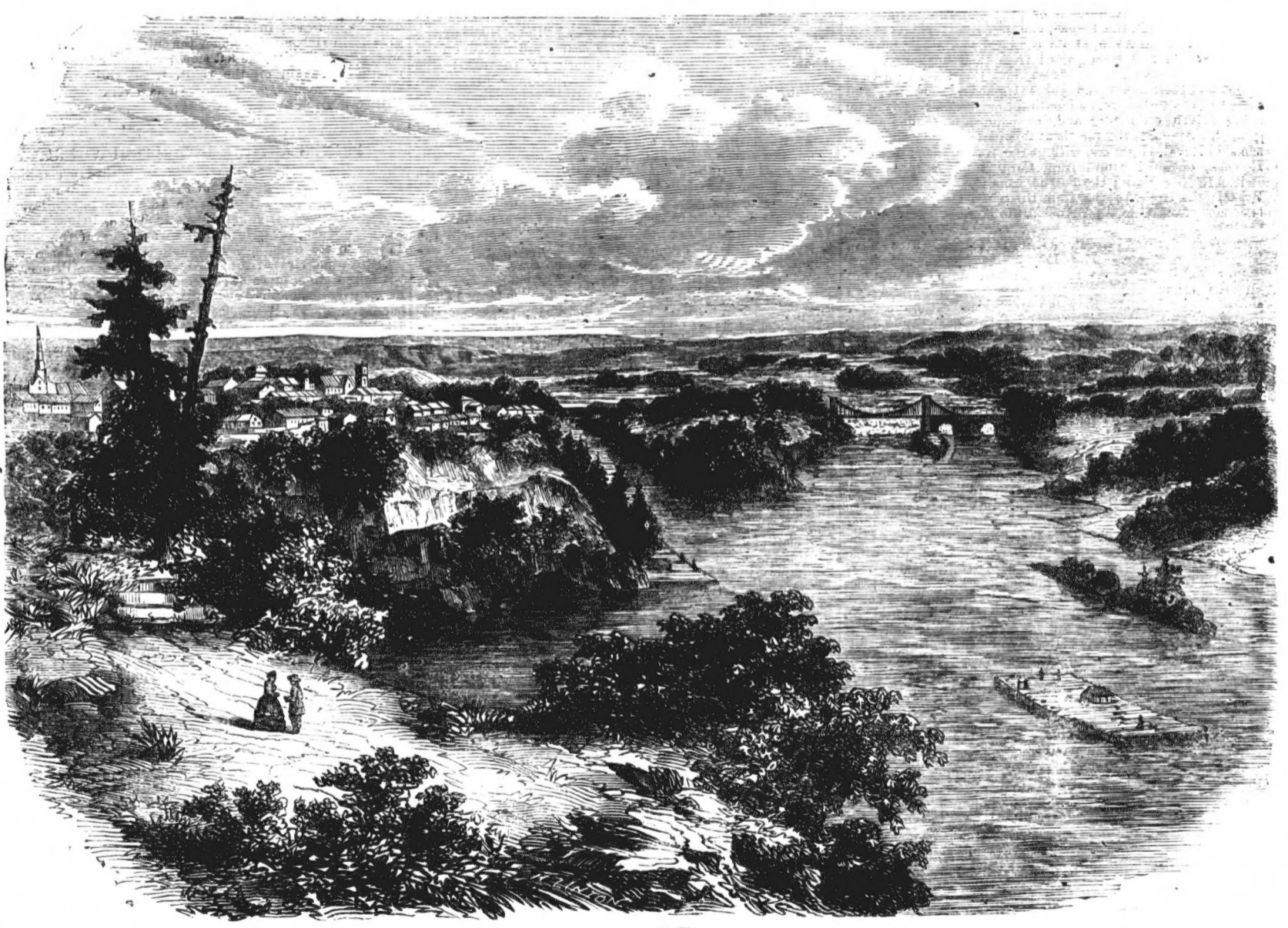
No. 417. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869. [ONE PENNY.]

THE RECENT GALES.

SINCE Friday, last week, when the metropolis and various parts of the country were visited with heavy thunderstorms, the equinoctial gales have set in with greater severity than has been experienced for some years, and rather earlier than it is usual to anticipate them. After the storm on Friday, the wind blew in sudden gusts, accompanied by heavy falls of rain, since which the barometer has exhibited little signs of rising. On Saturday night the weather was very tempestuous, and on Sunday morning the wind frequently blew with the force of a hurricane, causing great loss to the shipping at sea, and damage to property on land, with loss of life. On the Wednesday and Thursday the usual warnings were despatched from the meteorological department of the Board of Trade, over which Mr. Glaisher presides, to the principal ports round the coast. Simultaneously with their reception, storm-drums were hoisted, denoting the proximity of severe weather; and large numbers of vessels which should have put to sea remained in port. The ports round the coast were reported full of shipping, and a large number of vessels ran into the Medway for shelter. In the North Sea several vessels were ob-

served on Saturday night evidently in distress, as the sea was running very high at the time, and one, a brig, is reported to have foundered about 10 miles from Harwich with all hands. In the river great precautions were taken for the prevention of collisions, but a steamer broke her anchor chain on Sunday afternoon, and, drifting with the stream, came in collision with another vessel, smashing in her bows. In another collision a man was knocked overboard, but was recovered again. Above bridge the river steam-boat traffic was carried on only with the greatest care, as the water was very rough and the tide strong. Near Battersea-bridge a boat was capsized by the force of the wind; but, fortunately, the occupants, both good swimmers, were rescued. A large amount of damage is reported in the metropolis as resulting from the force of the wind. In the parks some trees and shrubs have been uprooted, and thousands of dahlias destroyed. A haystack was blown down at Wormwood Scrubs, and near the same place a house was partially unroofed. The gale caused considerable damage in the river below Woolwich, and several small vessels were torn from their moorings and laden barges sunk. A very large amount of damage has also resulted in some

districts to the hop plantations—in which picking has just commenced—by the poles being torn up broken, and the bine injured. At Southend the brig Hippolyte, bound from the West Indies for the river with a full cargo, was driven by the force of the wind to the Shivering Sand Bank, where she long remained, notwithstanding the united efforts of a large number of Whitstable fishing smacks to get her off. Below Blackwall a boat was capsized and two men drowned. A serious accident occurred to a gentleman named Lawrence, at Notting-hill; he sustained such severe injuries by the falling of two flower-pots from a window that he was rendered insensible, and was conveyed to a surgeon's in a cab, where it was found that, in addition to extensive lacerations, he had sustained a fracture of the skull. A little girl was knocked down by a zinc chimney-pot, which fell from its position in the Commercial-road, and had to be taken to the hospital; and the roof of a new house was partially blown off at Homerton, injuring two men. Considerable damage has been done to the trees in Windsor Park, the stately elms of the Long Walk being the chief sufferers. Large boughs have been torn off by the great violence of the sudden blasts of wind rendering



PRINCE ARTHUR IN CANADA.—VIEW OF OTTAWA.—(SEE PAGE 1442.)



the walk during the gale; anything but a safe place to pass along. About seven o'clock on Sunday, as a gentleman was walking near the elms on the west side of the Long Walk, a blast of wind struck one of the trees, and snapped it asunder—the upper half fell with a loud crash only about three feet in front of him. It was a very narrow escape. The trees in the Forest, Home Park, and Eton College grounds also have suffered considerably.

A terrific gale from the south-west swept through Devon and Cornwall on Saturday night and Sunday morning. The shipping there held well, but houses were unroofed and trees torn up. At Stonehouse a tenement was hurled to the ground by the wind, burying a child, who, however, was marvelously rescued. Two ships went ashore on Bideford Bar, one being the *Reliance* of Appledore, and the other the Italian barque *Odono*. Four of the crew of the former were lost. On Padstow Bar three vessels also struck, but the crews were rescued by the life-boat. The steamer *Danube*, near Eddystone lighthouse, was struck by a heavy sea which carried away her deck cabins and wheel. At Falmouth Docks a building was blown down, and in the town many houses were seriously damaged. The shipping rode out the storm safely, although three vessels slipped their anchors. At St. Austell a high chimney was blown through the roof of the Globe Hotel, but happily it fell into empty bed-rooms, so that no loss of life was occasioned.

According to the information received at Lloyd's on Tuesday morning, the number of vessels supposed to have been lost during the gales is about 120, and several hundreds have sustained damage. The reports received state that the brigantine *Oncida*, bound from Hull to Trieste, was driven ashore near Eastbourne on Sunday night, and soon became a total wreck. It is not yet known whether any of the crew were saved. Among those vessels brought into Ramsgate is a Dutch built vessel, the *Jacobo Cornelia*, of Batavia, 490 tons register, bound from Rotterdam for Batavia, with a general cargo and 25 passengers (Sisters of Mercy and two priests). She appears to have encountered exceedingly rough weather, her deck being covered with broken spars and yard-arms. A cow placed amidstships has two legs broken by the falling of a yardarm. A vessel, the *Golden Eagle*, of Liverpool, 765 tons register, bound from Harve for Liverpool, in ballast, was brought in on Tuesday, having been driven up the Channel with the loss of almost all her sails and anchors and chains. The *Britannia*, of Yarmouth, 217 tons, and the Prussian vessel *Marie Emilie* also came in a similar condition. The wind was raising again at night, and there was every prospect of another gale. From Bristol we learn that the barque *Caraban*, of Sunderland, a fine vessel of 600 tons register, has been driven on the rocks at Walton Bay, and the crew (one of whom unhappily met a watery grave) were saved with great difficulty by means of a hawser passed to the shore. The poor fellows, most of them half-naked, were very kindly received by the resident gentry and others. The vessel will, it is believed, become a total wreck, and a valuable cargo of phosphate worth £3,000 and other costly property be entirely lost. A Prussian barque the *Argo*, laden with timber for Gloucester, a Prussian barque the *Arthur*, 416 tons register, also timber laden and bound from Dantzic for Gloucester, and some smaller vessels were also driven on to the rocks, where they encountered more or less damage and peril. Besides these a number of vessels, probably a dozen, have been driven upon or purposely run themselves upon the Dunball, the Swash, and other soft points at the mouth of the river Avon, at its confluence with the Severn. Some of these had been parted from their anchors whilst lying in Penarth roads. Some had their sails torn to pieces, and their masts and yards strained and injured, and some had run to the river's mouth for shelter and safety from being driven on harder and, of course, more dangerous ground. Amongst the vessels at this part of the Channel are the ship *Royal Highness*, with guano from Callao; the ship *Rowena*, outward bound from Cardiff; the ship *Caulda*, Bristol to New York; the *Fairlie*, from Charleston, U.S., for Bristol; the *Hoppe*, barque, from Bristol for Quebec; the ship *Glenadon*, from Cardiff for Aden; the *Moselle*, West Africa to Bristol. Fragments of wreck and casks of oil have been seen drifting about, so it is feared there have been further losses. The *Fanny Kemble*, bound from Sidney to Bridgwater, foundered in deep water, but all the crew were saved by the boats. A vessel supposed to belong to Barnstaple, experienced the full force of the gale on the west coast. She lost two anchors and sails, and one of the crew was washed overboard by a heavy sea. On the coast several ships have been lost. The sloop *Ocean*, belonging to Goole, and bound from Rochester to Sunderland, was abandoned near Low's stoft, and subsequently sunk. The crew have been safely landed at Lowestoft. At Southwold, on the same coast, the schooner *Anna*, of Whitby, bound for Rotterdam, went ashore on Saturday night, and it is believed will become a total wreck. Several vessels were lost on the numerous sandbanks in the North Sea, and others which have arrived safely in Lowestoft and Yarmouth have sustained great damage. A telegram from Zuydcoote, in Belgium, states that the English ship *Victoria*, from the Thames, went ashore on Sunday at Pannes, and is a total wreck. The schooner *Belle* was capsized by the force of the wind, and sunk at anchor near Waterford. From the same port it is reported that the barque *Aylstone*, bound from Liverpool to Montevideo, had put back in a leaky state; the crew also refusing to serve, consequent on the vessel being too deeply laden. A telegram from Archangel reports the loss of an English vessel on Sunday near Cross Island, with several of the crew. She is believed to belong to Sunderland. Our two fine and suggestive art engravings, "Daughters of Eve," and "After the Storm," will speak right home after such details as these.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

On Friday last week Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and attended by Lady Churchill and Colonel Ponsonby, left Callander by special train for Balmoral, after a sojourn of nine days in the vicinity of the Trossachs. During her residence at Inverlissach, Her Majesty has visited most of the places of interest in the district, and we give an illustration on page 1,444 "Deerstalking," that is characteristic of the scenery. Though the weather has frequently been cloudy and dull, and though there were a few slight showers of rain on Sunday and on Tuesday, yet upon the whole Her Majesty has been fortunate in obtaining as pleasant and enjoyable weather as any tourist could

desire. It was arranged that the Royal party should leave Callander on Friday forenoon at 11.45, and proceed by special train to Blairgowrie, which would have been reached at 1.50 p.m. From thence it was proposed to drive by Glenshee and Braemar to Balmoral. Expecting that this route would be adhered to, the Caledonian Railway Company had their arrangements completed, and the usual circular printed for the convenience of the company's servants. On Thursday night, however, the route was changed. It was resolved to leave Callander at twelve o'clock next day, and to proceed to Balmoral by Aberdeen and Ballater, instead of Glenshee and Braemar, and arrangements had to be made accordingly.

The Queen drove out at Balmoral on Saturday morning, accompanied by Princess Christian, and Her Majesty drove out again in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Christian and Prince Leopold.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone arrived at Balmoral, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen and Royal Family are expected to arrive at Windsor Castle in the first week of November.

The Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, attended Divine Service in the parish church, Crathie, on Sunday. Lady Churchill and Colonel Ponsonby were in attendance. The Rev. Dr. Taylor officiated.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Teesdale, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday morning, en route for Wildbad, where his royal highness joins the Princess of Wales and the Royal children.

On Saturday evening his royal highness was present at the Strand Theatre, and on Monday at the Gaiety.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, owing to the severe weather, delayed his departure for the Continent.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO CHESTER.—The Town Clerk of Chester has received a communication that the Prince of Wales will open the new Town-hall on a day to be fixed, and which it is intimated will probably be between the 12th and 15th October next. A committee is to be formed to co-operate with the citizens in making preparations to give his royal highness a loyal reception on the occasion of his visit.

The accouchement of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is expected to take place the latter end of November or beginning of December.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

FASHIONS.

(Abridged from the *Lady's Own Paper*.)

THE past week has furnished nothing of material importance to add to the details of La Mode furnished in our last number, and we shall best employ the space at our disposal, therefore, by describing some of the general novelties that have been brought under our notice, first touching upon several noteworthy innovations in dress-making. It is worthy of remark, then, that fashionable-made corsages show the figure in its natural and beautiful proportions, the seams of the corsage following as closely as may be the outlines of the figure. For instance: shoulder seams are placed on the shoulder, not back of it, as was formerly the case; the shoulders do not extend over the arm, but are short enough to make the arm-hole in its appropriate place; there is no attempt to make the back look narrow by placing the side seam behind the arm instead of under it; the waist is of natural length, neither immoderately short nor long, but terminates at the natural taper just above the hips, nor is it compressed by tight lacing. Easy-fitting corsets, but with few whalebones, are worn to support the figure, but not to make it smaller.

Many ladies prefer to have the dress skirt separate from the waist and attached to a belt. In this case, to prevent the two portions of the dress from parting, it is well to extend the waist over the hips in loose, easy flaps, to be thrust under the skirt of the dress. The whalebones do not extend over the hips, but stop at the narrowest taper of the corsage.

Shoulder seams are no longer corded. A cord is not required around the neck if the standing band is used. If the dress is cut away low at the throat, according to the summer fashion, it is corded without a band. Armholes are always corded, and should be ample enough for comfort. Many modistes object to cording the waist at the belt, as the cord is apt to draw. They use instead a bias facing stitched on to give it sufficient strength.

The inner seam of a sleeve should fall over the centre of the arm. When the sleeve is being sewed in the arm-hole the sleeve should be held above, in order that its slight fullness may be gradually gathered into the arm-hole; the sleeve will then stand out properly around the armhole.

Waists of grenadine dresses, when cut high in the neck, are lined throughout with substantial silk, and made to fit the figure by darts. It is the exception to the rule this season, on the Continent, to make thin dresses with blouse waists over low linings. It is desired to display the neck and arms, the whole corsage is cut low and worn with a lace chemisette or fichu. Low corsages for full-dress occasions are buttoned in front when the waist is partly concealed by a berth or other elaborate trimming. If the low bodice is but little trimmed, it is fastened behind by eyelets, and a silk cord for lacing. Fancy bows on the front of the corsage are much used at present. Hooks and eyes beneath fasten the waist securely.

Satin jean and ordinary twilled cotton are the materials most used for dress linings. They are durable and firm, consequently they wear well, and do not stretch out of shape. Linen is also used, but it is elastic, soon shows soil, and is objectionable on account of the chilled feeling it gives the wearer when it is first put on. White lining is used for all dresses with light grounds. Dark drab and grey for thick coloured materials. One yard and an eighth is the quantity required. Modistes prefer silk linings to all others, as they fit to the figure more smoothly and give the garment a more tasteful appearance when completed. Thick substantial taffeta is used for this purpose. Grey silk is usually selected for dark dresses, but brighter colours are often chosen by way of contrast. A wealthy lady, being seized with a fancy to

wear nothing but black, has just added four black silk dresses to her wardrobe. The modiste sent them home with silk linings of different colours in each—buff, blue, grey, and drab silk being used.

Novelties in Silks.—The first novelty to record in rich silks is the *paon*, or peacock colour. This is shaded precisely like that part of a pea-fowl's feather that is alternately blue and green, and has probably grown out of the popularity of those colours last winter in plaid goods. Peacock colour does not look well by gas-light, and will be worn for rich carriage toilette and walking suits. The material is the *pout de soie* antique, introduced a year ago—a softer goods than *gras grain*. These handsome pouls are also shown in the antique red called *Sultane*, so elegant for dinner dresses; *pousure*, or dust colour; and elderberry, a grey purple intended for street suits; while for evening there is a pale ashes-of-rose, shading toward lilac rather than pink; a brilliant coral colour; *regina*, which is darker than mauve; and *absinthe*, the faintest tint of blue on white, a marvellously beautiful colour that seems green by gaslight.

Woollen Goods.—In woollen goods the Scotch plaids always brought out in autumn are shown. Many of these are small irregular checks of white and a single bright colour, suitable for children's clothing. Among self-coloured goods, cashmeres, merinos, poplins, and velours, a dark red shade called *Lucifer* is prominent. This *Lucifer* is not the flame colour that the name suggests, but a deep wine colour like the red of carbuncles when held before the light. Sultan, ruby, and maroon are very largely manufactured; also Humboldt purple and a bright green. For more quiet dresses for the street grave colours that merchants call "cloth colours" will be used. Among these are drab, snuff-brown, tea colour, olive, cinnamon colour, invisible green, and blue. Ladies' cloth promises to be the favourite material for street suits in New York; but the same antique shades are shown in serges, armures, and Ottoman velours. Empress cloth suits for the street have the principal parts of the dress in small figures, or else mottled grounds of black speckled with white, blue, green, or *Lucifer*, and a printed border in the two colours for trimming.

Varieties.—Black and white Astrakhan cloth, in imitation of the smooth wavy skins of the Russian lamb, is a novelty far prettier in the opinion of many than the curly Astrakhans worn last winter. The pile is deep, and imitates admirably the glossy waves of the real skin. Among the many varieties of plush are stone-grey and maroon colour with pile an inch deep, as soft and warm as fur. White plush, dotted with blue, or lavender, or cherry, is especially pretty for children's wraps. For opera-cloaks there are white velvet cloths; others are basket-woven, with checks of the silk thrown up on a cloth surface, or else in thick cords, stripes, and blocks. The fancy for white wrappings continues in autumn garments. Thick white cloth in loose ample sailor jackets, and basques fitting the figure easily, are the two styles greatly in vogue for driving jackets. A lighter material like flannel is used for breakfast sacques. Hand-some of all is a driving jacket of creamy white cloth cut in scallops and corded with *Lucifer* satin. The bodice fits the figure easily, and is finished by a round basque a quarter of a yard deep, sewed on at the belt. Turned-over collar and coat-sleeves. As *châtelaine* braids falling low on the neck have entirely superseded high chignons in Paris, the bonnet must be increased in depth to meet the braids. Strings of gros grain ribbon tying under the chin will be revived. Lace scarfs, beginning on the left side, pass under the chin and are caught up again on the right, from whence falls a long streamer, which is sometimes used as a veil. Many fur hats will be worn in the winter.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN BRITISH AMERICA.

THE New York papers received on Saturday contain full accounts of the proceedings of Prince Arthur during his progress through the British North American territories. His Royal Highness arrived at Charlotte Town, Prince Edward's Island, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 28th ult. It was quite dark, notwithstanding which a large crowd awaited the arrival of the gunboat *Dart*. The Prince, with the Corporation, proceeded in carriages through Queen-street under triumphal arches and flags, and followed by a crowd to the Government House amid genuine enthusiasm. Mayor Desbrisay introduced Recorder Lawson, who read an address, to which the Prince replied as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am deeply touched by the address just read. Your loyalty and attachment to her Majesty's throne and person are well known to the Queen, and it will afford me the greatest satisfaction to report to her the fresh proofs of your devotion, so unmistakably evinced by your reception of her son and by the eloquent words of your address. The deep interest her Majesty takes in the welfare of her people in this portion of her dominions cannot be more clearly shown to you than by informing you that although my stay in this part of the world is of very short duration, it was her wish that I should not omit a visit to the island of Prince Edward's. I pray you to accept my hearty thanks for the kind wishes for my welfare and the cordial welcome you have given me."

On the 30th, a general holiday was observed at Charlotte Town in honour of the Prince's visit. He held a reception at noon, at which 500 persons were present. He then drove around the city with his suite, and was enthusiastically cheered by the crowds on the streets. He was afterwards photographed in his carriage under a triumphal arch. In the evening he attended a dinner at the Government House, and from there was escorted by a firemen's torchlight procession to the Colonial Building where he opened the ball with Mrs. Mayor Desbrisay. An immense crowd was present in the building, which was elegantly decorated, and a fine supper was served. He also attended the firemen's ball. The whole party were much pleased with the warmth and cordiality of the reception. The town was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. Other particulars will be found amongst our colonial news, and we give two illustrations of points of interest on the route.

THE "HENDON MYSTERY."—The *Hampstead Express* says:—"We are informed that it is the intention of the friends of Elizabeth Warburton (who in June last was insane, and suffering from severe injuries on the Midland Railway line near Crickley-wood-lane, Hendon) to bring an action against the railway company for compensation. It is stated that £600 has been offered, and that, should the case go into court, this is the amount the company will deposit, of course without prejudice."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA, &c.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.

On Saturday evening Mr. Cheltenham's comedy of *Edendul* was withdrawn from the boards of this theatre to make way for two novelties which appear likely to become popular. The first piece was a comedieta entitled *Little Fibs*—a translation from the French by Mr. E. Berry. The principal character, Mr. Charles Mercer (Mr. Flockton) has a bad habit of telling fibs in a most unscrupulous manner, rather than blunt out unpleasant truths. This habit his daughter Georgina (Miss Fowler) undertakes to cure by copying her father's humour. By disseminating a multitude of fictions she brings everything into a state of utter confusion, and demonstrates the advantage of truthfulness. The piece is very funny, and full of life. *Room for the Ladies* is the title of the other novelty, and is from the pen of Mr. J. P. Wooler. It embodies all the jokes with which John Leech made us familiar with regard to exchange of positions and duties between the male and female portions of a family. Mr. Spooner Manley (Mr. Flockton) becomes his own cook, and his sons take to tanning and crocheting, while his daughters become in all respects like the young men of the day, and appear on the stage in the most splendid dresses. They are, however, brought to a sense of the error of their ways through the instrumentality of a Mr. Dulcimer Brown (Mr. G. Temple), who organises a successful rebellion among the males of the family.

The poet Longfellow, having completed his European tour, has returned to New York.

BURNS' pew, once in St. Michael's, Dumfries, and bearing "R. B." cut by his hand in an idle hour and under weary sermonizing, has been put up for auction. It has fallen to a Mrs. Campbell.

A DIARY, kept by a slave girl inside Delhi during the mutiny, and a tale called "Happy Days in Cashmere," are among the Indian stories of the approaching autumn announced for publication.

RUBINSTEIN has just composed a grand cantata entitled *The Tower of Babel*, which will be executed for the first time at Koni-burg. At Vienna during next winter one of his oratorios, *Paradise Lost*, will be performed.

PEOPLE who are puzzled how to pronounce "Clyde" and other "classical" names may take what courage they can from the fact that Dr. Thomas (U.S.) is preparing for publication a "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology."

CONSTANT MAYER, the American artist, has nearly finished an ideal portrait of Tennyson's "May Queen." The picture presents the half-length figure of a young girl, her head garlanded with early spring flowers, and holding in her hand a sprig of the snowdrop.

THE *Orchestra* says that the Strand shortly will have another theatre. The spot is a few doors from the Adelphi, lately occupied by the Bentinck Club. Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., the architect, has finished his plans, and the building is expected to open at Christmas.

A DAILY illustrated paper has been started in San Francisco. It is called the *Illustrated San Francisco News*. The daily numbers will, of course, be collected, and published as a weekly. The daily contains eight pages, is to a certain extent a newspaper, but is more of a literary paper.

WE hear of a "novel aid to the playhouse" now in use at New York. "Mr. Fisk," says the *Citizen*, "runs a line of free Cabs from Broadway to his Opera house." By and by, Mr. Fisk, it is said, "will issue passes over the Erie Road to persons intending to visit either of his theatres."

MIDDLE, NILSSON (and party) sing at two concerts at Bristol this month, the terms being one thousand guineas. Such is the desire to secure Middle, that our American cousins, for 1870, have been so fortunate for a five months' engagement, with all voyaging and travelling expenses, and hotel charges, for £22,000.

MISS REBECCA SOLOMON, the *Jewish Herald* states, has just completed at Rome an important painting, which has found a purchaser in Miss Burdett Coutts. The scene is laid in Italy, and represents the return of a bride from the church in which the marriage ceremony has been performed. The subject has been excellently treated, and the work is altogether one of the best productions of this talented artist.

THE father of Adelina Patti, whose death we have recorded, was in his time a tenor of some local repute in Italy. His wife also walked the boards as soprano; and it is related that the night before Adelina was born (and she came into the world in the early part of the day) the father played Pollio and the mother Norma. As Mr. Dickens might say (with a meaning exclusively his own), "It is the essence of such a birth to become at last a great maturity."

THE *Musical Standard* says M. Strakosch has added Mr. Tom Hohler to his travelling troupe for performing Rossini's *Mass*.—A fine new music-hall is being erected in connection with Eton College. A residence is also being built for Doctor Hayne, the organist and music professor.—It is stated that for next season's Italian Opera Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have resolved to concentrate their forces at Covent Garden, and leave Her Majesty's Theatre unoccupied. There will, however, be an opposition, as a company is to be organized at Drury Lane.

PERSIANI, the husband of the celebrated prima donna and a composer of no mean rank, has just died at Paris. The quarrel between his wife and Mr. Lumley was the immediate cause of the league between Signor Persiani and Mr. Gruneisen, which ended in the establishment of the rival opera at Covent-garden, but the Italian composer soon abandoned his post, and left the undertaking to more daring hands. Of Persiani's numerous operas, *Luc de Castro* is the most popular, if not the best. Signor Persiani was in his sixty-sixth year, and had survived his wife rather more than two years.

THE *Athenaeum* says that a work long promised is approaching conclusion—viz., "Lives of Eminent Serjeants," by Mr. Serjeant W. H. Woolrych.—The second volume of Mr. Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War" (with maps and plans) will soon appear.—Mr. Denholm, of Edinburgh, known as an art-critic, is preparing a history of the Scottish School of Painting.—A statue of Handel by Neubel has just been placed in the church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg.—General Lebrun, the new French Minister of War, is restoring to all the regiments of Cavalry the bands which Marshal Niel took away.

M. GUSTAVE DORE, who has been only a few weeks among us, has already taken upwards of five hundred sketches of life in London for the book which he contemplates publishing, as lately announced, in conjunction with Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. Some striking prison interiors are among them—indeed, next to our river-side life, Newgate seems to have taken a powerful hold on M. Dore's weird imagination. At present it is believed the humbler phases of English society have chiefly engaged his pencil. *Typical London*, a title which has been suggested for the book, sufficiently indicates its nature and the extent of the artist's ambition.

To show the impetus which has been given to the reading of Byron's works by Mrs. Stowe's narrative, a Glasgow Librarian writes:—"Since the publication of Lord Byron's narrative there has been quite a 'run' on Lord Byron's poetry. Six copies are out, and have been out this last week, and I have had since Wednesday thirteen additional applications for the much-coveted volumes. I may add that the demand has mainly come from young ladies and from youths of sixteen or seventeen years, and that 'Parisina' and 'Don Juan' are most sought after. Two young lady members have four times asked in vain for 'Parisina.'"

MR. THOMAS WATTS, the keeper of the department of printed books at the British Museum, has just died of an illness brought on by a carriage accident he met with some weeks since in Shropshire. Mr. Watts was recommended to an office in the Museum by Mr. Panizzi, in 1838, and soon distinguished himself by the prominence he gave to the Museum library among the libraries of the world for the thoroughness with which Slavonic literature and the literature of Hungary were represented in it. When the new reading-room was opened in 1857 it was placed under the direction of Mr. Watts, and he presided there until the retirement of Mr. Panizzi two or three years ago, when he became keeper of the department of printed books.

EXETER Hall visitors, whether on platform or among the audience, will hardly know it again; nay, the Hall hardly knows itself. The whole of the interior has been re-decorated by Messrs. Harland & Fisher. The main entrance is painted in tints of green and chocolate colour, except the ceilings, cornices, and enrichments, which are coloured in tints of white and cream colour. In the concert hall the coved ceiling is divided up by bands of yellow and by wreaths of red and green upon white, into geometrical forms, upon a greenish blue ground; the walls are a warm fawn colour, with pilasters of light green, and all the enrichments—examples of Greek ornament—have been painted in bright colours; the whole being supported by a dado panelled in vermilion and black. The whole of the ornamental work is Pompeian in character.

MOST of our readers will remember that none too ingenious bit of mechanical deception, the Anthropoglossos. They have an Anthropoglossos at Hamburg—a real bit of mechanism this time. Professor Faber's speaking-machine is to be exhibited at Hamburg during the continuance of the International Horticultural Exhibition. It is said to articulate various words, and even to answer questions and simple sentences with wonderful distinctness. This is by no means the first invention of the kind that has been exhibited. Wolfgang von Kempelen, the inventor of a chess automaton, who was born at Presburg in 1734, and died at Vienna, 1804, both constructed a machine of the kind and wrote on the subject. The machine about to be exhibited at Hamburg is, however, more perfect than any previous invention of the kind.

EXCITING SCENE AT A MUSIC-HALL.—A scene of an extraordinary character was enacted at the Wellington Music-hall and Amphitheatre, Cheltenham, on Friday night last week. A crowded attendance was especially the result of announcements of Professor and Madam Thomas's "benefit," when the handbills stated that extra performances would be given, under the special patronage of certain of the leading elite of the locality. For a further attraction, it was summarily declared that "a sheep would be given away, and divided amongst the audience," and that the said "Professor" was the person appointed to the office of "distributor." When the hall had become well filled the various actors proceeded with their portions of the entertainment, until checked by one of the "professors," who appeared much excited, and obstinately persisted in refusing to go through his part of the evening's programme; the manager remonstrated with him, and he thereupon became furious and turned upon his aggressor in a fighting attitude. A fierce contest was the result. Amidst the utmost confusion the police were called to the rescue, and a regular scene ensued. The whole of the audience left their seats in the wildest excitement, and demanded a return of the entrance fee; the "scenes" and usual decorations were trampled under foot, and ultimately the offending professor was forcibly ejected, and the proceedings brought to an abrupt termination.

REVIEWS.

A Book about Words, by G. F. Graham. (Longmans.)

THE able and industrious compiler of this pleasant "Book about Words" long since gained for himself a place in public favour by his manuals for students, and he has not, we think, been ill-advised in publishing this the latest result of his painstaking research. Language is a subject that presents mines of wealth for the searcher after truth who approaches it in a right spirit; and though under the treatment of a Dry-as-dust it may not be calculated to win the attention of the general reader, it may really be made far more interesting than many a novel. Although it is far from exhausted, it has formed the theme of many a most readable book, as witness the labours of Alford, Trench, Latham, Max Muller, Marsh, Moon, and many others that might be enumerated, and Mr. Graham's book now before us will fairly take its place amongst them. It is written in a genial spirit, the style is light, yet by no means frivolous, and the author wields his pen as only he can who enters heart and soul into his subject. The book embraces chapters on the origin of words, old and new words, degeneracy of words, grand words, slang words, and so forth; and while it is not unworthy a place in the library of the advanced student, it may be perused by all persons with both pleasure and profit. One word of suggestion: A good analytical index at the end would greatly enhance the value of the book as a work of reference, and we hope, therefore, that in any future edition the author may be induced to consider this point.

Christ is Coming! The Restoration of the Ancient Universal Church. (John B. Day, 3, Savoy-street, Strand.)

THE best part of this book, and indeed the only part that is worth looking at, is the cover. To plunge beneath the surface is to be—well, staggered by the mingled arrogance and ignorance, dogmatism and self-complacency of the author. It is written in an absurdly ludicrous oracular strain, the reader being addressed as "oh ye nations," and the value that it is thought the book will exert on the said stiff-necked nations may be gathered from the following concluding and sweetly modest prophetic paragraph: "Your eyes, oh ye nations, for a time will be averted from this little book, but some souls, and your children, will esteem it differently to yourselves, and it will be their guide. It will be like sound seed sown in fertile ground, springing up, growing apace, bearing plenteous and goodly fruit for ever!" We advise the author's friends to keep a sharp eye on his movements, and we would suggest in confidence the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch as a desirable locality in which to induce him to fix his residence. The hint is thrown out in all humility, but they may thank us for it some day.

Letters sent Home: France and the French. By William Morris. (Dean and Son, Ludgate-hill.)

IN "Letters sent Home" the author, a genuine working man, we should imagine, and his own printer, explains in rough and ready but terse idiomatic language "how I went to the Paris Exhibition, and what I saw by the way," and whatever else one may think of his method of spending his short holiday, there can be no two opinions as to the good use he made of his eyes, ay, and his understanding too, during the journey. Of the exhibition itself he says next to nothing, but of Paris and the surrounding country he conveys a clearer idea in his few short letters than many a writer would have done by as many volumes. He dashes right at his subject in a manly, Cobbett-like way, and manages, somehow, without any apparent effort, to make the city of cities stand out in bold relief before the reader. Non-travellers, therefore, and especially those with little time at their disposal for exhaustive reading, could spend a pleasant and profitable hour or so over his pages.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £10.—On Thursday afternoon, last week, two watermen from below bridge rowed from Putney to Mortlake for £5 a side. Their names are A. Phillips and W. Taylor, the latter of whom was the favourite, but the other got away and held the lead for two miles, when he allowed Taylor to come up and touch him, and then rowed in many lengths ahead. The foul was decided in favour of Phillips by H. Salter.

MARGATE REGATTA.—This annual event came off successfully on Thursday, last week. Crowds of people arrived by excursion trains, and the pier, jetty, cliff, &c., were thronged with pleasure folk. The water, too, was studded with small craft. The promenade band enlivened the afternoon by discoursing excellent music. The course, which was not kept over clear, was round flag boats moored eastward and westward of the harbour, nearly two miles in extent. The arrangements were well carried out by an influential committee.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—On Saturday a rifle contest on a large scale for prizes value nearly £400 was held at Wimbledon, at the ranges of the London Scottish and Civil Service Rifles, the use of which had been granted to the competitors—the 1st Surrey Rifles—by permission of Lord Elcho and Viscount Bury. The weather was very unfavourable, the wind blowing half a gale, accompanied frequently by heavy falls of rain. This had a great effect on the shooting, but nevertheless some excellent scores were made, as will be seen from the results of the firing which are appended. It only remains to be added that the arrangements of the meeting, which were carried out by the Shooting Committee of the 1st Surrey, assisted by Sergeant-Major Kethro and Sergeant Allen, gave perfect satisfaction:—The Challenge Prizes.—The Pollock Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, presented by General Sir George Pollock, G.C.B., K.S.I., Hon. Colonel of the 1st Surrey; open to marksmen or first-class shots of the present year; five rounds at 700 and 800 yards.—Winner, Sergeant S. Wicks, 23 marks; Private E. Wheeler made the next best score, 20 marks. In addition to the challenge cup Sergeant Wicks wins a silver medal. A prize, value 40 guineas, presented by the Bread-street Ward of the city, together with the silver medal; ranges, 500, 600, and 800 yards, seven rounds at each; any position. Winner, Private Messenger, 55 marks; Private Curtis was second, with 41 marks. The 1st Surrey Challenge Cup, value 25 guineas, presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, commandant of the regiment, together with a silver medal. The conditions attaching to this prize are that if it is won twice by the same person it becomes his absolute property. It is open only to marksmen or first-class shots of this year, and was shot for at the 500, 700, and 800 yards ranges, five rounds at each. Corporal Fisher was the winner with 35 marks, and the next highest score was made by Private Doggett, 34. The Ladies' Challenge Cup, value 45 guineas. This prize was also shot for by marksmen or first-class shots of the year, and, like the 1st Surrey Cup, will become the property of the member winning it twice in succession; ranges, 200, 400, 600, and 700 yards, five rounds at each. Winner, Private S. Burrows, 49 marks; the next best score was made by Private W. Pether, 46. There were also several minor prizes for recruits and non-winners.

LUXURANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—MRS. S. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to quickly restore Grey or Faded Hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Bottles—Price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and perfumers. Depot, 266, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weigh not more than one ounce, and exceed in value £1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watchmaking, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on Artistic Gold Jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c., &c., suitable for Wedding, Birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two shillings each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.



YOUNG DEER-STALKERS—A SKETCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.—(SEE PAGE 1442.)

COURTS-MARTIAL.

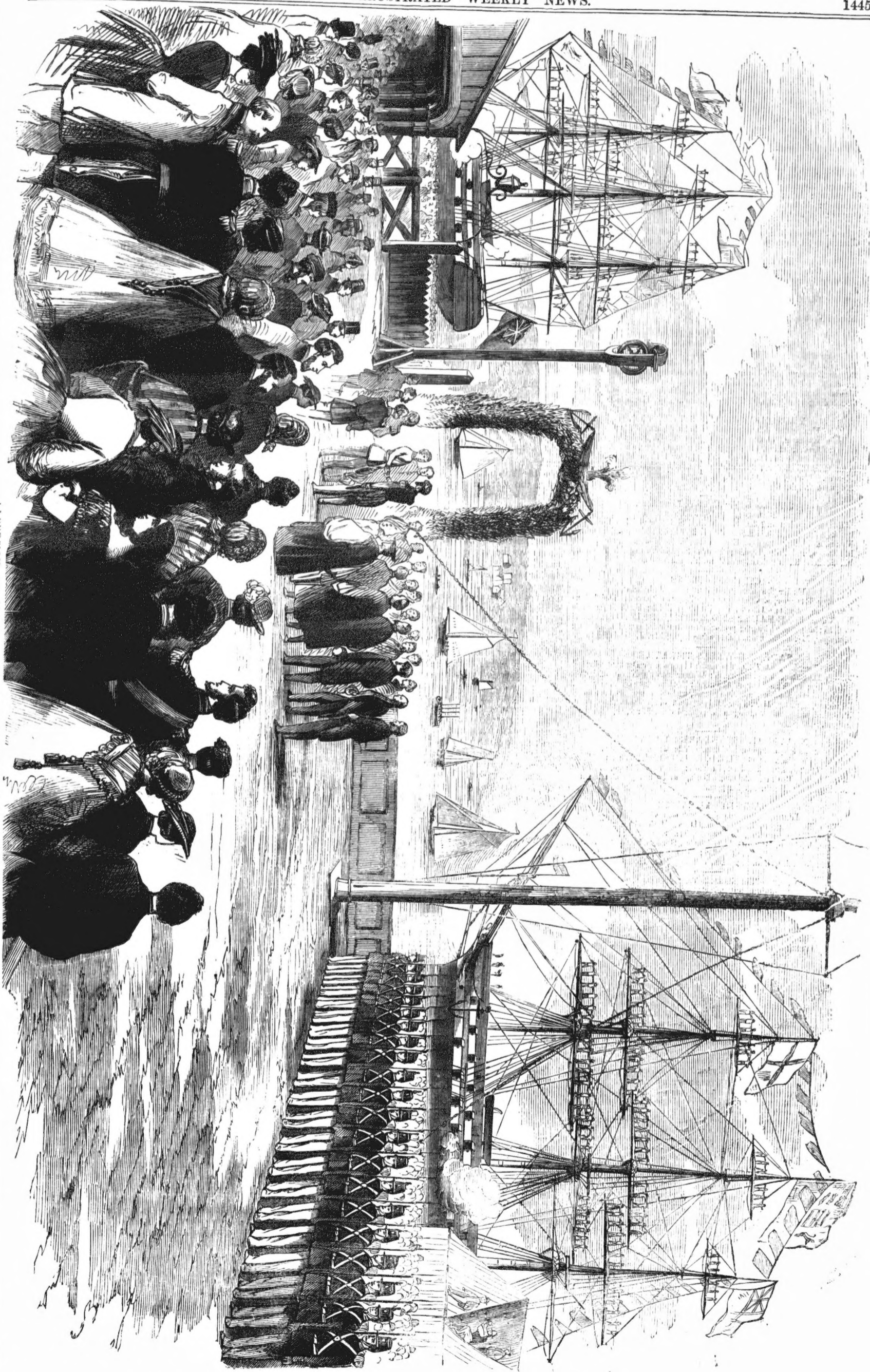
Two courts-martial have been held at J. von port. The first was for the trial of Mr. William Driver, first-class carpenter, serving on board her Majesty's ship Black Prince, who was charged with having been drunk on board his ship. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He produced a number of excellent certificates as to previous good character and sobriety, and the court adjudged him to be dismissed his ship, and placed at the bottom of the list of first-class carpenters. The other prisoner tried was Joseph Ford, private of marines, serving on board her Majesty's ship Mersey, coastguard ship at Queenstown, who was charged with striking a sergeant and kicking a corporal of marines on the 12th of August last. The prisoner had broken his leave, and when brought before his superior officer for the offence, he struck

Sergeant Provn with his pouch belt. When taken into custody by an escort he kicked Corporal Hulme. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Exeter Gaol and to be dismissed the service.

POISONING EXTRAORDINARY.

An extraordinary trial for poisoning has just taken place before the Court of Assizes of the Sarthe. The accused were the mistress of the Trois-Rois, at Bouloire, named Mird, and her servant Anne Dupin; the victims being the first husband and the mother of the former, and the son and stepfather of the latter. The series of crimes dated as far back as 1865 and one of the most singular facts in this affair is that, notwithstanding the almost undisguised manner in which the four persons were successively removed, four years should have elapsed before the guilty parties were brought to justice. The

body being recently exhumed traces of poison were found in his remains; finally, the servant's own € 1, a lad of 15, had become acquainted with the practices of his mother, and having one day threatened to denounce her, shortly afterwards expired under similar suspicious circumstances. The woman Dupin, being in possession of her mistress's secret, reigned for nearly three years supreme at the inn, continually working on the fears of the other to extort money, until the widow Janvier married Mird, who at once got rid of the servant whose presence he disliked. Anne Dupin then wrote to him a letter threatening to accuse his wife of poisoning Janvier; but Mird, not believing the story, gave the letter to the police. The several bodies were, however, exhumed, and traces of arsenic having been found, the two women were arrested, and then accused each other. The trial lasted four days, and the verdict was given on Sunday evening. The woman Dupin was condemned to hard labour for life, and Madame Mird to 20 years of the same punishment.



RECEPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR AT HALIFAX, CANADA.—(See Page 1442.)

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every Evening, at 7, BELLES OF THE KITCHEN.
Followed by, at 8, FORMOSA: New Four Act Drama, by Dion Boucault; Messrs. J. B. Howard, Barrett, H. Irving, David Fisher, Brittain Wright, F. Charles, and John Rouse; Mrs. Billington; Messrs. Maggie Brennan, L. Macdonald, Dalton, and Katharine Rodgers. Conclude with BORROWED PLUMES.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.
Every Evening, at 7, LÄSCHEN AND FRITZCHEN (Operetta): Miss Loseby, Mr. Terrott. At 7.45, DREAMS (Drama): Messrs. Henry Neville, S. Emery, J. Clayton, R. Soutar; Miss Henrade and Miss R. Rance, &c. At 10, LINDA OF CHAMOUNI, or NOT FORMOSA (Burlesque): Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Mr. Eddred, Mr. Maclean. Ballet, Chorus, and Company of 100.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.
Every Evening at 7.30, AMONG THE BREAKERS: Messrs. J. S. Clarke, Turner, Joyce; Messrs. Bufton, Fosbrooke. After which, THE TODDLES: Mr. Clarke. To conclude with THE PILGRIM OF LOVE: Messrs. E. Terry, Turner, Bruce, &c.; Messrs. Erskine, Richardson, Newton, &c.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.
Every Evening, at 7.30, QUITE AT HOME: Mr. Day; Messrs. Rouse and Jessie Bourke. At 8, CHECKMATE: Messrs. Dewar, Danvers, and Kenward; Messrs. Saunders and M. Oliver. At 9.30, BILLY TAYLOR: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Messrs. Saunders, Nelly Bromley, Kate Bishop, and M. Oliver. Concluding with SEA GULLS: Messrs. Day, Kenward, &c.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.
This Evening, at 8, SCHOOL, by T. W. Robertson (199th time): Messrs. Hare, Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Miss Carlotta Addison, Mrs. B. White, and Miss Marie Wilton. Also QUITE BY ACCIDENT AND A WINNING HAZARD: Messrs. Montague, Collette, Sydney, Montgomery; Misses Augusta and B. Wilton.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.

Manager, Mr. E. J. Young.
Every Evening at 7.30, MY WIFE'S DENTIST. Followed by, at 8.30, THE TURN OF THE TIDE: Messrs. Hermann Vezin, A. Nelson, Mellon, Keet Webb, Rignold, J. Howard, Frank Matthews, and John Ryder; Messrs. Sophia Young, H. Hodson, K. Gordon, K. Harleur, and Mrs. F. Matthews.

CHARING-CROSS.

Under the Management of Miss E. Fowler.
Every Evening, a Comedietta at 7.30; a Piece of Social Extravagance, by the late J. P. Wooler, at 8.10; F. C. Burnand's VERY LITTLE FAUST AND MORE MEPHISTOPHELES at 9.15; a Farce at 10.30; performance terminates at 11. Acting Manager, Mr. F. Morton. Stage Manager, Mr. J. Wallace.

SADLER'S-WELLS THEATRE.

This Evening, at 7.45, the sixth time, a new Drama, adapted by W. E. Suter, Esq., from Sir Walter Scott's Novel of "Old Mortality"; or, The Heir of Millwood: characters by Messrs. E. Phelps, J. G. Rosiere, E. Newbound, and Richard Edgar; Mrs. Margaret Eburne, Mrs. E. F. Edgar, and Miss Julia Summers. Preceded and followed by a Laughable Farce: Mr. Richard Edgar.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Douglass.
This Evening, at 8, THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS, from the St. James's Hall: Messrs. Moore, Crocker, Rawlinson, Vestris, Collins, Nish, and Forty Performers. Manager, Mr. Frederick Burgess.

SURREY THEATRE.

Lessees, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.
This Evening, at 7, RICHARD THE THIRD: Duke of Gloster, Mr. Creswick; Richmond, Mr. Shepherd; Messrs. H. Dalton, Voltaire, Brooke; Miss Marian Gordon, Miss E. Webster. Followed by THE TODDLES: Toodles, Mr. G. Yarnold; Messrs. Voltaire, Brooke; Mrs. Toodles, Mrs. Holston.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TISSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.
RESERVEVILLE GARDENS.—Miscellaneous Amusements.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

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The Illustrated Weekly News
AND LONDON HERALD,

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

BAD WATER AND BAD HEALTH.

SUCH of our readers as take an interest in the weekly returns issued by the Registrar-General must have observed that the water supply of London occasionally forms one of their most conspicuous features. There is good reason for this, because there is nothing on which the health of a neighbourhood depends more than the water its inhabitants drink, nor is there any more prolific source of disease when it is impure. This has been ably enforced by Dr. Richardson and others, and is one of the lessons cholera has taught us. It is surprising, indeed, with what unflinching fidelity that epidemic on its last visitation fastened upon and confined itself to those districts in the East-end of London in which the water supply was bad. All the ordinary conditions favourable to disease were passed by, as it were, unheeded; and this was not the first occasion on which cholera adopted impure water as its most convenient and effective vehicle. In its more dreadful visitation in 1849 the same feature was remarked. In those days the water supply on the other side of the river was as bad as could well be imagined. It was taken from the Thames at Battersea at a time when our "noble river" was one of the filthiest streams that ever served as the common reservoir and common sewer of a great city. Any housekeeper in Lambeth or Southwark who wished to test its quality could do so by the simple process of allowing a tumbler of water to stand upon his sideboard for four and twenty hours and then tasting its deposit. The case was so convincing, and the affinity of cholera for impure water became so notorious, that it only took the legislature three sessions to pass the Metropolitan Water Act, by which every Company was required effectually to filter all water supplied by them within the metropolis for domestic use before they allowed it to pass into the pipes for distribution. Perhaps it was owing to the unexampled rapidity with which Parliament was persuaded that impure water is prejudicial to health that it forgot, whilst framing this enactment, to provide a machinery either to secure its observance or to ascertain whether it was observed or not. Whatever improvement, therefore, has been made in the quality of the water supply is due, as the *Post* points out, to the consciences of the various Companies, or, more probably, to their fear of having the monopoly taken from them. Neither of these motives, however, has been sufficient to secure that degree of purity in the case of all which has been attained by some, and which has therefore been proved to be possible. In particular, the companies on the south bank of the Thames have been remarkable defaulters. But this, again, shows what sort of water those who live upon this side might be compelled to drink if the companies which supply it were to grow lax in their attention to their duties. Some of them, according to the Registrar-General's reports, have more or less failed to supply water of that degree of purity which has been shown to be possible. But we cannot adequately appreciate the unprotected state in which the Act of 1852 has left us, without referring more particularly to the quality of the water which has been supplied to the inhabitants of Southwark and Lambeth.

We are enabled to do this, says our contemporary, with confidence through Mr. Radcliffe's "Report on the Results of an Inquiry into the Causes of the Turbidity of the Water supplied by the Southwark and Vauxhall and Lambeth Water Companies." Uniting his own testimony with that of other scientific witnesses equally competent, he shows that the water which has been supplied by these Companies is unfit for domestic use without previous filtration; that in 1867 and 1868 a transparent sample of water was only obtained twice from the mains of the Southwark and Vauxhall Company; that the sediment it deposited contained living organisms; and that that deposited by the Lambeth water "was partly composed of organised matters which, however, exhibited no motion." If we examine Mr. Radcliffe's Report more closely we find these general statements supported by details which are curious though not pleasant.

If then this admitted source of disease really exists, it is important to look for the remedy; and happily that is close at hand. Parliament, and Parliament only, can grapple successfully with obstacles presented by powerful vested interests. The most important "outcome" of Mr. Radcliffe's Report is that the inhabitants of London, on either side of the river, are dependent for the supply of pure water solely upon the consciences or the fears of the Companies. Southwark and Lambeth are not strong in political influence; and it is possible

that this is one of the reasons why they can neither drink their water with safety nor bathe in it with comfort. But this only shows that the Act of 1852 is inadequate to the object it had in view. It prescribed a wholesome precaution, but it did nothing more. The Companies were left at liberty to carry out its advice in their own way; and Mr. Radcliffe's Report shows what might have been expected, that only one or two of them have exerted themselves seriously to give effect to the provisions of the Act, and that the remainder have more or less "kept the word of promise to the ear" and broken it to the hope.

SPAIN AND ITS HOLD ON CUBA.

It has been reckoned that no less than eighteen thousand regular troops, without taking account of volunteers, have been sent from Spain to Cuba in the course of the last twelve months. Six thousand more were under orders to embark for the same destination towards the end of last week. Sixteen thousand more, or, agreeably to a well-informed Madrid journal, twenty-four thousand, are presently to follow. Yet we are told the Spanish forces in the island mustered no less than 50,000 strong at the time that the summer heats compelled a suspension of military operations three or four months ago, and the ranks of these received constant reinforcements from volunteers supplied by the population of Havana and other towns, in which the immigrant, or "Peninsular" element, animated by the strongest feelings of loyalty to the mother country, strongly predominates. The Spanish Government would seem to be bent on a supreme effort, and its supporters in the island, aware that pecuniary difficulties are those with which Prim and his colleagues are less able to contend, have come to the rescue with a subvention of £90,000, with which to defray the expenses of the conveyance of the troops across the ocean.

Of such a nature is the intelligence that reaches us from Madrid. The Spanish Government have either really made up their mind about this redoubtable expedition, or they wish that the world should so believe. It is not easy to feel convinced that this is their real, earnest purpose. It is not easy to imagine how they can dream of further thinning the ranks of their home armament, which is already reduced to pitiful proportions, and reduce it in presence of "small Carlist bands" still venturing to take the field in Catalonia. It is still more difficult to conceive how they can confront the expenditure that such an expedition must involve—an expenditure to which the subsidy of the £90,000 contributed by the Cuban loyalists is a mere trifle, seeing what hard work it is for their Finance Minister to stave off grim bankruptcy by loan after loan wrung from French capitalists at most appalling sacrifices.

Were we to receive the news of the actual embarkation and departure of so large a force, we could not but conclude that the negotiation for a session of the island to the islanders, to be stipulated by the intermediation and under the guarantee of the United States' Government, has fallen through. That negotiations to that effect were on foot, to which General Prim and General Sierres were parties, and in which Mr. Forbes and General Sickles were principal agents, is a matter placed now beyond all doubt, and it is by this time a mystery to no man. If the scheme altogether foundered, it must have been either because the tendered sum of 15,000,000, or 20,000,000, was deemed insufficient by the Spanish Government, or because the Government at Washington dreaded the opposition of those annexationists who feel confident that Cuba must needs come into their hands of its own accord and in its proper time, and deem it a folly to incur either expense or liability for the mere purpose of shaking the tree from which the fruit is sure to fall in its own period of maturity. Lately, indeed, we have heard that the American Government had been driven to the resolution to recognise the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and although the Madrid Government have been somewhat reassured as to the immediate intentions of General Grant and his ministers in that respect, they have also received a hint of the inability of the Washington Cabinet to hold out much longer against the outcry of the sympathising and filibustering adventurers who rally round the Cuban Committee in New York, and they have been admonished either to put a speedy end to the Cuban insurrection or to acknowledge the necessity of giving up the island on any terms.

If such, writes the *Times*, are the circumstances which have prompted the Madrid Government to play their last card in the Antilles, and to stake their all in all upon it, we must confess they can hardly be congratulated on their resolution. The subjugation of Cuba cannot be achieved by soldiers; it cannot depend on the issue of battles; it cannot be the result of any series of victories. The Spanish troops may hold the seaports, but the whole inland region is against them. Armed columns may cross the island in any direction, but they can nowhere establish a permanent footing. "Now that the whole native population is of one mind about shaking off the Spanish yoke," says an eye witness deeply acquainted with the condition of the island—"now that the negroes and all coloured men have been rallied to the insurgent standard by the proclamation of equal rights for all races, the expulsion of the Spaniards becomes a mere question of time.

A LITTLE boy of two years old, who was playing in the street near his home in Little Pancras-street, was knocked down by a passing vehicle, which went over his stomach. He was taken to the University College Hospital, and died in a quarter of an hour after his admission.

THE GARDEN.

FLOWER GARDEN.

The violent storms we have had, have scattered to the winds many a lingering summer blossom and severely tried the dahlias and other tall autumn growers where not securely staked. The rain has done some good, however, in preparing the soil for striking operations and clearing off insects, and therefore one should not complain.

Now is the time to finish clipping all such hedges as still remain untrimmed, otherwise the shoots will get too hard. (Observe in clipping young edges under training, to take particular care not to cut them too close down above, but run the top off regularly, so that the stronger and more moderate shooting plants may advance as equally as possible.)

A few of the best of the North American annuals may now be sown thinly out of doors, to stand through the winter. If for borders, they may be sown in patches where they are to flower, but if for beds it will probably be best to sow them in some sheltered spot and transplant in the spring.

Cacti should now be placed in a perfectly dry greenhouse for the winter, receiving no water whatever, unless they shrivel up too much.

Border plants of questionable hardiness should be taken up and potted to keep over winter in frames, where they are more safe from damp. Pot rooted layers of carnations and Picotees, and rooted offsets of auriculas, to get them strong before winter. Calceolarias should be struck in shallow pans, in a compost of leaf-mould, peat, and sand, to be kept in the pans till early spring. Get tender plants under glass, but give plenty of air. Plant the first lot of hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils, as soon as the bulbs are obtained.

So far for general matters; now to particularise. The following lists of bulbs suitable for the borders is recommended to persons who wish to make beds and borders gay next spring:—Narcissus maximus, large flowers of the purest gold-yellow; superb. Narcissus bulbocodium, the pretty "hooped petticoat," a lovely little gem for the front of a bed or border. Narcissus poeticus, well known for its exquisite beauty. Narcissus odorus, a fine yellow, delightfully fragrant. Tulipa gesneriana, the original of our show tulips, and a very distinct and fine species for the border or bed. Tulipa scabriscapa, the original of the early bedding tulips, and a fine subject. Galanthus plicatus, the Crimean snow-drop; flowers very large and pure white. Scilla iberica, beautiful dwarf species. Scilla campanulata, larger than the last, and later. All the scillas are worth growing. Iris florentina, white with blue shadings. Iris pallida, very large and delicate. Iris pumila, very dwarf, flowers blue; does well in front of a peat bed. Iris anglica, the flag of cottage gardens. There are some fine varieties to be had in various colours. Erythronium dens-canis, the dog's-tooth violet, will grow finely in a sandy soil, and makes a charming bed. Eranthis hyemalis, the winter aconite; planted now in a bed, or as a marginal line, or in clumps in the border, it will produce in January a delightful display of greenish-yellow flowers, when no other flowers are to be seen. Lilies of several kinds may be grown without prepared soil in any good border, and are sure to repay the little care they need.

Chrysanthemums require plenty of water, and twice a week manure-water, but not a drop of the latter should touch the leaves. See to any tying that has been neglected. Pot up at once those grown in the open ground for the purpose, or if to be moved to make beds and ribbons, clear the ground, dig it over and plant them at once in the places where they are to bloom. Plants potted up from the open ground to be kept shaded, and frequently sprinkled till they recover. Of course they must be lifted with good balls, and be potted firm, with plenty of drainage. Thin the buds of the plants grown for cut blooms. Some of the large incurved varieties give the best bloom from the top buds.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

The recent showery weather, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, must be taken advantage of for planting out colewort, cabbage, endive, &c.; and if done carefully and quickly the plants will scarcely feel the shift, and be able to make a strong growth at once. It is a good plan to pot a few cauliflower plants in 3-inch pots for coming in early. They need the same treatment as those planted out, with the exception of requiring more water. Those planted out early, and protected with hand-glasses or cloches, will be fit for use quite a fortnight or three weeks before the stock treated in the usual way. Remove all superfluous growth from the tomatoes, to fully expose the fruit to the sun to ripen. Where there is a fear of a part of the crop not ripening, cut the fruit with a portion of the stem, and suspend it in a light warm position under glass. The fruit can also be treated this way if it does not turn in so quickly as may be desired. At the end of this month it is a good plan to gather all the ripe capsicums, and, then pull the plants up by the roots, and suspend them in an intermediate house, where all the green full-grown fruit will soon ripen off. Any light airy room will do for either the capsicums or the tomatoes, although the warmth and light of an intermediate house are preferable. Thin out turnips before they get too much crowded, and where the dry weather has prevented the sowing of the last crop, no time must be lost in getting in a breadth of early white stone or six weeks. It is now time that the earthing up of the early main crop of celery be completed, and that of the late crop be commenced. Take up and house the spring-grown onions, and lay them under cover for a week or two previously to storing them for the winter, if they are not dead ripe when taken up. Corn salad or Lamb's lettuce will stand the winter, and furnish a good supply of leaves for the salad. Sow in drills six inches apart, and thin out if it comes up too thick. Normandy and American cress are also hardy, and if sown at once, to enable them to get strong before we have sharp weather, they will bear any amount of cold with impunity. The latter is a capital substitute for water-cress, though its value in this respect is but little known.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Gather apples and pears in dry fine weather, and look over those already stored, and remove all that have been bruised and show signs of decay, and send them to the kitchen for immediate use. Keep the weeds down in strawberry-beds, and tread the soil if of a loose shifting nature.

Planting Fruit-trees.—The planting season is near at hand, and where alterations and improvements are intended, the preparation of the ground should be begun at once, as there can be no good result from planting trees in ground left untouched till the last moment, and then hastily chopped up and prepared in a superficial manner.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 11.

The official journal of this morning confirms the statement that the Emperor and Empress drove into Paris yesterday afternoon. Having passed through the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysees, the Boulevards de la Madeleine and des Capucins, they returned through the Rue de la Paix and Rivoli to St. Cloud, arriving there about 6 p.m.

PARIS, Sept. 11, Evening.

The *Soir* says that between three and five o'clock this afternoon the Emperor again went out to the park at Villeneuve.

This evening's newspapers announce that Prince Napoleon left yesterday on a yachting excursion along the French and Italian coasts. He will be absent for a fortnight.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

LISBON, Sept. 13.

The British fleet, consisting of 14 ships, has arrived and anchored in the Tagus. All well.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

KENIGSBURG, Sept. 13.

During to-day's festivities, in honour of the visit of the King, a deplorable accident occurred. Owing to the crush of spectators the railings of a bridge gave way. Up to ten o'clock to-night 24 dead bodies of persons of various ranks in society have been discovered.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

SYDNEY, August 12.

The Governor has returned from his northern tour. The Kearsarge has arrived here, and reports that H.M.S. Galatea, with the Duke of Edinburgh in command, had been at Tahiti, where festivities were held in his honour. She left there on the 1st of July for the Sandwich Islands. The American claims against the Feejee Islands had been settled.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

ADLAIDE, August 12.

The Parliament is sitting. Intelligence from New Zealand announces that the rebellion is increasing and that great alarm prevails. The 18th Regiment had been detained in the island.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.

Senator Fessenden is dead. The Republicans have carried the elections in Vermont, electing Mr. Washburne governor, and returning a majority of the Legislature. The vote is light, and shows relatively a small Democratic gain.

General Butler has written a long letter condemning Mrs. Stowe's charges against Lord Byron, and stating their gross inaccuracy in regard to the dates.

Prince Arthur arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick, yesterday, where he was enthusiastically received.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.

A severe storm raged yesterday evening in the New England States, seriously injuring the telegraph lines, and destroying and unroofing numerous churches and other buildings in Boston, where the damage is estimated at over 1,000,000 dols. Several towns of Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire have suffered much damage.

ACROSS NIAGARA ON A BICYCLE.

This feat was announced by Professor Jenkins to be accomplished on the 25th of August, and accomplished it was, in the presence of a vast crowd. A thousand feet of good two-inch rope stretched across the stream below Suspension-bridge, and where Blondin crossed with a man on his back. The *New York Times* says:—"The machine used by Professor Jenkins is not in any sense a velocipede. It is, however, a bicycle, and turned upside down would resemble in some degree a modern velocipede. The wheels, three inches wide, are made heavy and of wood, without tires, but in their places are grooves an inch and three-quarters deep. The front wheel is 3ft. 2in. and the hind wheel 2ft. 10in. in diameter. The connecting rods are iron, so also the balance-pole, which is 8ft. long and tipped with 10-pound balls, and weighs 28lb. The whole thing, with the man thrown in, weighs 298lb. The propelling power is a pinion cog-wheel made of brass, about nine inches in diameter, which is made to gear to cogs which surround the front wheel at the bottom of the groove. At 2.30 p.m. the professor made his appearance at the small house on the Canada side with the pieces of his machine, and at once proceeded to put them together, a task of no small labour. With the aid of his men he first placed the fore wheel on the rope just at the edge of the precipice, and while one man balanced it, another placed on the standard from the under side, thus bringing two strong bars of iron on either side of the rope. All the joints were securely fastened with bolts. The braces or connecting rods extending from the standard to the rear shaft in the form of the letter Q made the connexion complete and very strong. The professor then got outside of the rope, arranged the pinion wheel and fastened the balance-pole across the Q part of the braces. This done, the seat, a strip of leather, was secured to the rear axle by means of straps. This arrangement, which it was seen at once would throw the entire weight of the machine and the rider under the rope, was a source of disappointment, if not of relief, to many of the spectators, who, not consulting the inventive genius of the Canadian Blondin, rather expected to see him mounted on a Greenwood velocipede, which, of course, would give a good chance for ground and lofty tumbling. All being in readiness, the bicycle was fastened by a rope to the bank, and Jenkins prepared to start. He wore white tights, black velvet knee-breeches, shoulder straps and cross-belts of the same material, and on his head was placed a crown-shaped hat, and all were profusely bedecked with tinsel and beads. His feet were covered with buff moccasins. He took his position astride the rope, and proceeded to arrange the leather strap or seat, which, as it was allowed to touch the rope, seemed more for the purpose of protecting the velvet pants from damage by attrition than to sit upon. In fact, he did not sit, but stood up with his feet about 18 inches apart, resting on the balance pole. In a moment he grasped the handles of the pinion wheel, and turned them, moving slowly from the bank,

the crowd preserving a deathlike stillness. After passing out a few yards a halt was made, and the photographers were allowed to take his picture. He then returned and waited five or ten minutes and resumed his seat. Three pistol shots were then fired from the Canadian side, and it was a 'go.' The machine moved slowly forward, the rope swaying gently from side to side until he had passed out about 50ft., where another opportunity was given the artist, after which he crawled along at a snail's pace to the middle of the abyss, where he raised and waived his hat, and received a faint cheer in response. From the centre to the American shore it was evidently hard work to propel the bicycle, but at last the edge of the cliff was reached, and then the welkin did ring with the applause of the people. The time occupied in passing over the rope was just eleven minutes."

NOTES INTERESTING AND ODD.

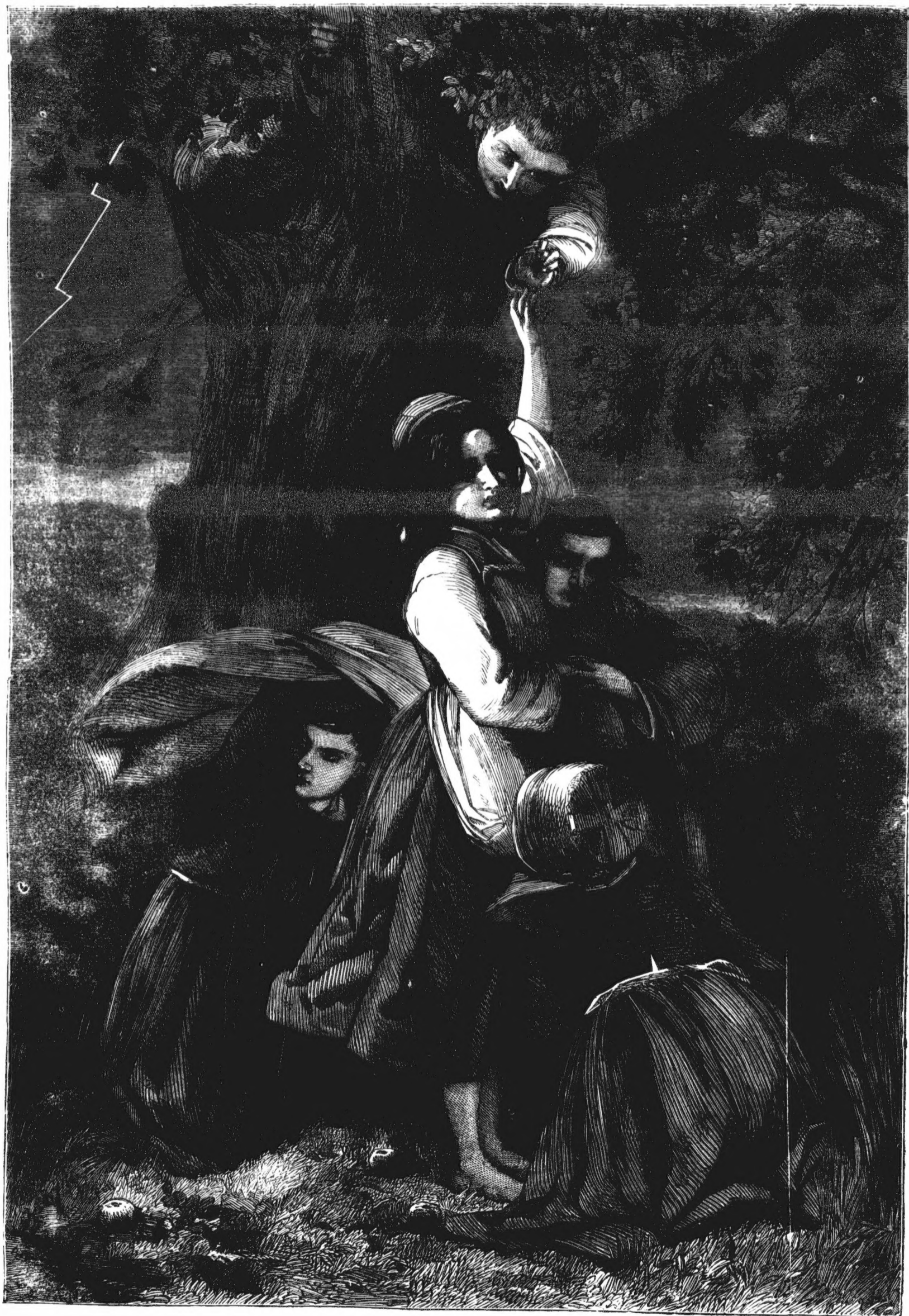
This following story, which appears in an Odessa paper, is one of the numerous illustrations of English eccentricity which our continental contemporaries fill up their columns in the gooseberry season:—A short time ago an Englishman, dressed in a common blouse, but with the appearance of a gentleman, came to the British consul at Odessa, and asked what was the nearest road to Tiflis. The consul told him that the best way was to go by steamer. "But I want to go by land," said his visitor. "Then take a seat in the coach." "No, I can't go by coach; I am going to India on foot, and must take Tiflis on my way," insisted our Englishman; upon which the astonished consul produced a map and showed him the road. A few days after comes another Englishman, also dressed in a blouse, and asks the consul whether he has not seen a "British subject" looking for the road to India via Tiflis. "Yes," said the consul, "he was here last week; but was he really going all the way on foot?" "Certainly," was the reply, "and I am going after him to see that he does it." It appeared, on further inquiry, the Russian paper adds, that the first man was walking for a wager, and that the second had made the bet.

A HEAVY REFECTION.—The "Fat Men of New England" recently had a "clam bake," at which the "championship of heavy weights" was decided. All men of every degree were invited who weighed 200lb., or who were willing to eat enough clams on the occasion to bring them up to that weight. The "clam bake" was at Norwalk Bay, Connecticut, and scales were set up at the entrance to test all comers. Tents with tables under them were erected, and clams, oysters, fish, corn, and potatoes were cooked between a pavement of hot pebbles and piles of steaming seaweed. One hundred and seventeen guests attended, varying between 200lb. and 358lb. The heaviest was chosen chairman, the lightest secretary, and the aggregate weight of the company was 26,629lb. Six weighed over 300lb., aggregating 1919lb. Seven persons came who were under 200lb., with the intention of eating up to the standard. When these "small fry" began the heaviest weighed 198lb., and the lightest 172lb., and four or five, it is said, succeeded in their task. The fat men at their clam bake consumed 47 bushels of clams, 30 of oysters, a large quantity of potatoes, and 350lb. of fish. It was intended to have athletic sports, but they were postponed on account of the hot weather, and the reporters say the feast of reason and the flow of soul at the banquet were rather heavy.

HOW TO COOK A MAN.—If any one of us looks forward to being eaten by cannibals, he may wish to be informed how he is likely to be cooked. It is a comfort to know that the savages who may devour him are by no means devoid of refinement in their culinary disposition. Some French soldiers were lately taken prisoners by the Canaks, and one of them was killed and eaten. His comrades describe the process. The Canaks first decapitate their victim, a matter of no small difficulty considering the bluntness of their hatchets. Ten to fifteen blows are necessary. The body is then hung up to a tree by the feet, and the blood allowed to run out for an hour. Meanwhile a hole a yard and a half deep and a yard wide is dug in the ground. The hole is lined with stones, and then in the midst of them a great fire is lit. When the wood is burnt down a little and glows with heat, it is covered over with more stones. The man is then cleaned out and divided into pieces about a foot long, the hands and feet being thrown away as worthless. The pieces of the man are placed on the leaves of a large rose tree peculiar to the tropics. The meat is surrounded with coconuts, bananas, and some other plants noted for their delicate flavour. The whole is then tied together firmly, the fire is removed from the pit, the meat is placed in among the hot stones, and thus, carefully covered, is left to cook for an hour. Women do not partake of this warriors' feast. Men alone are permitted to enjoy so great an honour and so rare a delicacy.—*Daily News*.

DRUNKENNESS.—So far as the annual police returns of England and Wales go, they present the following statements:—In the year 1861-65, the year ending at Michaelmas, 1865, 105,310 persons were proceeded against summarily before magistrates for drunkenness or for being drunk and disorderly; in the year 1865-66, 104,368 persons; in the year 1867-68 as many as 111,465 persons—viz., 84,283 men and 29,182 women, about three men to one woman. No explanation is given in this return of so great an increase in the charges of drunkenness in 1868. In many parts of the kingdom the number decreased; the increase was in certain places. In Birmingham the number of charges rose from 1,330, in the year 1866-67, to 2,310 in 1867-68; in Salford from 455 to 637; in Stockport from 616 to 893; in Hull from 779 to 963; in Bolton from 729 to 1,217; in Liverpool from 11,932 to 14,451; in the Metropolitan police district from 16,608 to 18,872. In some counties (exclusive of the large towns) there was also a very large increase in the number of cases brought before the magistrates:—In Durham from 1,292 to 1,561; in Salop from 1,096 to 1,432; in Staffordshire from 3,100 to 3,514; in Worcestershire from 477 to 683; in Essex from 172 to 284; in Gloucestershire from 417 to 652. The number of persons convicted on these charges is not shown in detail for each place; but the totals for England and Wales were 59,071 men and 15,217 women in the year 1866-67, and 65,095 men and 18,302 women in the year 1867-68.

GORED BY A BULL.—On Saturday morning, as an old man named James Morcom was about to feed a bull at a place called Mitchell, near Trow, the animal turned on him and gored him to death.



DAUGHTERS OF EVE.—(SEE PAGE 1442.)

LADY PALMERSTON.

LADY PALMERSTON is dead, and the sad event cannot be allowed to pass without a few words concerning the wife of one of the most popular leaders England ever had. Among the pictures at Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper, in Hertfordshire, is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of more than common excellence, representing two boys seated or half-reclining on the trunk of a felled tree, and a young lady of more tender years with a basket of flowers in her hand. This picture possesses an interest far beyond what it may derive from being one of the last great works of the master; the figures are portraits of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, Frederic Lamb, third Lord Melbourne, and Amelia Lamb, Viscountess Palmerston, who died on Saturday last. The eldest of those boys grew up to be one of the most remarkable men of the age, and the girl one of the most remarkable women; the superiority in each instance being rather gradually and unconsciously arrived at than asserted, rather conceded than compelled. The brother rose to be Prime Minister of England, without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition, lazily and loungingly as it were, by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, thorough knowledge of his countrymen, and good sense. The sister became the undisputed leader of English society, equally without apparent effort; without aiming at the fame of a wit like Madame de Staël, or that of a beauty like Madame de Recamier, or that of a party idol like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; without once overstepping by a hair's breadth the proper province of her sex; by the unforced development of the most exquisitely feminine qualities by grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition, womanly sympathies, instinctive insight into character, tact, temper, and—wonderful to relate—heart.

Lady Palmerston, born in 1787, was the daughter of Peniston, first Lord Melbourne. Her mother was the sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the father of Lady Noel Byron, and Lady Palmerston was a striking illustration of the maxim, that personal, especially mental, gifts and qualities, are usually inherited through the mother. Lady Melbourne exercised a marked influence over a large circle of distinguished acquaintance. Lord Byron alludes to her in 1813 as "the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest woman." In 1818 he writes:—"The time is past when I could feel for the dead, or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne, the best, the kindest, the ablest female I ever knew, old or young."

Lady Palmerston's childhood and girlhood must be supposed to have passed like those of other young ladies of her rank, and her education, except what must have accrued imperceptibly from maternal influences, to be the same. Female education did not then aim at crowding the memory with what is called useful knowledge; its chief objects were grace and accomplishments, and the results were seen in individuality and variety of character, in the freer development of the natural faculties, in greater ease, freshness, and elasticity. Women of quality differed like their handwriting, which is now uniform and generic instead of personal and peculiar. Such, at least, is the broad inference we should draw from the many bright illustrations that have survived to our day, beginning with the one who has given occasion for these remarks. The first event in her life requiring notice was her marriage with Earl Cowper, in 1805. She then immediately took her place in the brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women of rank who continued to form the chief ornament of the British Court during successive reigns, till they were gradually replaced, not outshone, by a younger, not fairer or more fascinating, race.

Lady Palmerston died on Saturday morning, at half-past 7 o'clock. Although in the 83rd year of her age, the death of her Ladyship was unexpected. Up to a fortnight ago her Ladyship appeared to be as well and strong as she has ever been since the death of Lord Palmerston, close upon four years since. Early in the week before last Lady Palmerston left her town residence in Park-lane for Broomfield-hall, Hadfield, Herts, where, it may be remembered, Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865, and where also her Ladyship expired. Soon after Lady Palmerston had taken up her residence at Broomfield-hall, Dr. Brocklehurst Smith, who attended Lord Palmerston during his last illness, was sent for. Although nothing serious was at first anticipated, Dr. Smith remained on and off at Broomfield-hall till her Ladyship's death. Friday evening saw Lady Palmerston reduced to a very low state of weakness, and on the following morning, as we have already stated, she breathed her last. Lady Palmerston was the daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne. She was born in 1787, and became heir to her brother, the last Viscount Melbourne in 1853. She was married twice; her first marriage was with the fifth Earl Cowper. She married the late Lord Palmerston in 1839, just 30 years ago. Lady Palmerston's death places the Cowper, the Roden, the Shaftesbury, the Donegall, and other families in mourning.

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LADY PALMERSTON.

The Line of Distinction.

MRS. POTOSI was a stout woman, and so might be said to be a person of weight; though I feel it a duty that I, who may one day be fat myself, owe to fat people in general to explain—that Mrs. Potosi was not of your round, dimpled, jovial order, but puffy, hard-breathing, staring eyed, and hard, like an underdone pudding. She was also a person of weight in that her house was one of the best in the city of Block! Also, in that she had been forty-five years rigidly in the business of wife and mother, helped out by the fact that she cherished such intense and unwavering respect for herself and her performances that people as a rule took her on trust, and quoted her as a standard, without examining her claims. And if such a person declared that it was an interesting case, I hope you are not going to contradict it.

It was then an interesting case. Every body in Block so considered it. The Shah Jehan was young and handsome. There was a general sense of luxury and sandal-wood in his entertainments. He was a Persian, and claimed his descent from Ahirmanes himself; and there were romantic hints about a silver lamp always burning somewhere, and an altar in the same locality. He was the very humble servant of all the ladies, and the most beautiful belles of Block were neck and neck with Mrs. Potosi in their efforts for his conversion to Christianity. Imagine then the interest, the rivalry, and the heart-burnings of which he was the centre.

On a certain day Mrs. Potosi dined with the Shah Jehan. She often dined there, for they were next neighbours, and she was fond of styling herself his adopted mother. But on this day, though the Shah met her as usual, and his house wore its everyday appearance—gold-striped curtains, marble vases, tuberoses, olive-skinned servants, and all—something struck Mrs. Potosi as unusual. Reflection showed her that this something was an odour. A brutal odour; a familiar, yet puzzling odour. What could it be?

"My dear Madam," said the Shah softly, "I am twice happy to see you to-day. I have news for you that I know will give you pleasure. I am at last resolved."

Resolved! one can be resolved on a vast number of points. But, looking at the Shah, Mrs. Potosi read his meaning before he could utter it. She clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Dear Shah Jehan, you are a Christian. I know that is what you mean to say."

"A Christian—on trial," returned the Shah. "I am a foreigner. I am not altogether sure that I understand what is the essence of your religion. So I apprentice myself to it. I commence with the practice of some of its precepts, as I understand them. If I am successful, why then, Mrs. Potosi, we shall see what will come next."

And he threw open the doors of his dining-room, where were guests already seated at table.

Mrs. Potosi, already somewhat aghast at the Shah's peculiar avowal of Christianity, stared wildly. The mystery of the puzzling odour was explained. Mrs. Potosi had smelled leather—the leather of machine-sewed shoes and half-worn brogans, that had once been bargains in the by-ways and cheap stores of Block. To be plain, there was at the table Tom, Dick, and Harry. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker? Worse than that. Those renowned worthies were all substantial citizens of Block. But these—were the scum

in the boiling of creation, the thistle-down in the garden of the Lord, to Mrs. Potosi's thought.

Opposite her dwelling stood an old frame-building. It had been one of the Shah's eccentricities to buy the crazy old frame. It had been another to rent it out, at a merely nominal rent, in lodgings, although, as Mrs. Potosi justly observed, it was an eyesore and a nuisance in the street. And now no doubt you see why Mrs. Potosi should stand aghast. The Shah had invited these lodgers—people who lived some of them, on thirty and forty shillings a week—to dine.

Shah Jehan attempted to lead Mrs. Potosi to a seat, but she stood petrified amidst the cheery clamour of the company. The mild, anxious man at the foot of the table was a clown, harlequin in Jack and Gill, or the funny man for a travelling circus, as he could secure an engagement; the pleasant young woman with the kissable mouth, his wife; the dumpling-faced little girl, his child; the faded woman in more faded black, a fine laundress (she had Mrs. Potosi's laces in charge); the freckled lad was a news-boy; the wooden old man next him kept a nut stand; the old woman who looked as if made out of leather was a char-woman; a hopeful company to dine from silver, and devour a dinner that was a flower of gastronomy—a symphony à la *Soyer*—as if it had been so much pork and beans! Once more the Shah motioned Mrs. Potosi into a seat between the clown and the nut man, but Mrs. Potosi was desperate. She swept a low courtesy, and retreated to the drawing-room. Following her hastily, the Shah found her, vinaigrette in hand.

"To think," cried Mrs. Potosi, "that you could play such a trick on me!"

"Trick, my dear madam."

"Those creatures!" gasped Mrs. Potosi.

The Shah fixed his eyes steadily on Mrs. Potosi's face.

"Creatures! here must be some mistake; and in what is the trick? I am simply attempting—as I said to you—your religion on trial. Its sublimer mysteries baffled and confound me. They elude the grasp of my poor reasoning powers. But certain of its maxims seemed to me so simple that a child might comprehend. Is it possible that I am mistaken? That in my deplorable ignorance I have mistaken the true meaning? These are the words which I supposed myself carrying into effect:

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind."

"And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." In obeying these words literally have I lost their spirit, Mrs. Potosi, that I behold you shocked and discomfited when I expected your approbation?"

Mrs. Potosi looked embarrassed.

"I do not think, she began, hesitatingly, "that we should take these things literally. I don't see how society could be arranged on such principles. Besides, these people should be kept in their place."

"Oh! they should be kept in their place!" echoed the Shah, reflecting.

"Most decidedly!" Mrs. Potosi straightened herself in her chair and brought down her jewelled hand with emphasis. "The general tendency of the times is levelling, most unluckily, and nothing could be worse in such times than this dinner of yours. These people have eaten from silver plate. They will wish and expect and aspire to eat from silver plates again. They are devouring a luxurious dinner. As a natural consequence, they will now be discontented with their black tea and pork tenderloin. No, no, my dear Shah Jehan, send them molasses, send wood. Send them good strong leather shoes; but always remember this, God has created a marked distinction between the rich and the poor, and it is my belief that the rich should never forget it; and should treat the poor in such a way that they shall never forget it—never!"

"But, Mrs. Potosi," said the Shah, appealingly, "some of these people are my tenants. You saw the man at the foot of the table?"

Mrs. Potosi shut her eyes, as if afraid of seeing his remembrance.

"There is not a tenderer husband and father in Block; nor a truer-hearted man. No, nor a better gentleman."

"A harlequin!" returned Mrs. Potosi. "Such a low profession! such immoral associations! such a frightful life! Really, Shah Jehan, you could hardly expect me to countenance vice, even if it is kind to its wife and children."

As if in answer, came the voice of the man under discussion through the half-open folding-doors.

"And then often I say to myself," said this voice, "Here am I, of no use in this world but to caper. Nobody is the wiser or better for me. The world couldn't spare its ditchers and drainers, but it could wag on well enough without a harlequin, though there were never one in existence. And then I get that low and melancholy that I call myself any worthless thing that has come short of the meaning of its maker; and then I get the dumps—never any time else."

"And then I tell him," chimed in a cheery voice, "what a good man once said to me, that a man's work in this world is not only building railroads or writing sermons, but to help up himself and as many of his brother men as he can a little farther toward the light of God. And that when an man or woman has helped any poor soul to think a better thought, that man or woman has set another stone in that

great temple of God that is building without hands. And I tell him that when he has been so patient and cheery, and always so thoughtful for Sis and me, that he has made us both better, for how could we help it, in the face of all his kindness? And I tell him that whoever sees and knows about us that are so low down, so stinted for food sometimes, so plain and common in our life, and yet so happy, should be better too for knowing that money and the goods of this world are neither love nor comfort, since we have got both; and so, perhaps, we are of some use in the world after all."

"It was some such talk as this," said the Shah, softly, "that made me consider seriously of a religion that could lift its disciples from such depths of poverty to an interest in the great cause of universal brotherhood."

"Clap-trap!" said Mrs. Potosi. "Borrowed, no doubt, from some of their stage-plays, and repeated for us to hear. This man must be immoral."

"Must be immoral!" repeated the Shah. "Ah, my deplorable ignorance of the Christian civilization! Into what has it not led me? But I have your pardon, Mrs. Potosi."

And so blew over a little difficulty that might have proved very awkward. That was very awkward; for Mrs. Potosi could not be quite at her ease about it. It was such an uncomfortable mistake!

It was the opening night of the Opera. Mrs. Potosi's foot was on her carriage step when a note was handed her, and had she not recognized the Shah's device on its seal she would not have troubled to open it. It was a brief and urgent request that she should come to him at once, and with all speed, at an obscure locality in the suburbs. Now, concerning a person like the Shah there were a great many possibilities advantageous to Mrs. Potosi, and she promptly ordered her coachman to drive to the spot named in his note. He was a stranger, a wealthy stranger, with no kindred. He might be ill—dying—in some extraordinary predicament. In the event of his decease to whom would he bequeath his property—his house, his horses, and his jewels? Interesting questions these; and if truth must be told, Mrs. Potosi was mentally taking possession and re-arranging the Shah's fine house just as her carriage drew up and that extraordinary person presented himself, apparently quite in his usual health, at the door.

"This way," said the Shah, hurriedly, pushing open the door of a wretched little hovel that Mrs. Potosi had not seen at first. "There is no time to lose."

Mrs. Potosi looked about her wonderingly. A woman lay on a heap of straw, apparently dying. A man and three children crouched on the floor, for chairs there were none.

"These people are starving," said the Shah, "literally starving."

Mrs. Potosi's countenance fell.

"Do you really mean that you have brought me here for this, when I could have sent with ease whatever is required? This is the first night of the Opera, and nothing would have tempted me to miss it; but I really thought you were dying."

"This woman is dying," insisted the Shah, yet more earnestly. Look at her bed, and she has only a single calico garment, and no blankets, in this bitter weather. Do you send help to your brothers and sisters, Mrs. Potosi? I read: 'Inasmuch as ye have not done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have not done it unto me;' and so I made bold to send for you."

Mrs. Potosi emptied her purse on the window-sill with an air of extreme vexation.

"I believe in a reasonable religion, Shah Jehan. If one is to be a Sister of Charity, why, that is quite another affair; but if not, these extreme views are impossible. For how am I to live my life, and do my duty in society, if I am to consider every poor wretch as my brother or sister, and treat them accordingly? I say, give what you have to give to the benevolent societies, who have reduced the whole thing to a system. One can't do more than one can; and private benevolence is apt to do more harm than good, in my opinion. Good evening, Shah Jehan."

And Mrs. Potosi drove away in such a pet that she had almost resolved to close the doors upon her troublesome convert.

The night was dark, and the coachman lost his way. Mrs. Potosi became aware of the fact, and was rising to pull the check-rein when the carriage stopped with a jerk, and a man appeared at the door. Mrs. Potosi screamed and shrank back.

"Pardon, Madam," said the man, turning on her the light of his lantern. "No harm is intended. We are only taking the census."

"And do you stop people in their carriages to get materials for your census?" demanded Mrs. Potosi.

"This, Madam, is a census of character and position," replied the man. "And we take our materials where we find them. With your views, you will be pleased to learn that a mighty revolution in society is in progress. Those lines of distinction which you have so often desired are now about to be rigidly drawn. And to help on this great work, you must permit a few inquiries. Do you belong to the common people?"

"I should think there was no need of that question," said Mrs. Potosi, reddening.

"Business is business, Madam. We address these questions to all. I infer that you hold yourself aloof from what is common. It is my business then to ask, on what grounds you base your superiority?"

"Really, Sir," answered Mrs. Potosi, "I consider it impossible to answer such a question."

"Your pardon once more; but I must be answered. Are you better educated, for instance, than your daughter's governess? No? but in some way you hold yourself superior. You are not a better saint than the old washerwoman around the corner, but you are superior to her, too. You are not as clever as the lady who edits your favourite journal, but you speak slightly of her. You are not as handsome as the baker's daughter, but you are whole heavens above her. You are not better dressed than the tailor's wife, but you sneer at her. You have not better manners than your minister's wife, yet you condescend to her. How then, Madam, am I to name this subtle superiority which asserts itself in you above all these qualities? It cannot be in your fine house, your carpets and plate, your silks and laces and linens; for money would buy all these for a fishwoman."

"There is something, I should think," replied Mrs. Potosi, in blood, and the inheritance of a name."

"Meaning that of your maternal grandfather, the button-maker, or of your paternal grandfather, the weaver? They

were excellent men, no doubt. Good, honest, simple souls. They hoarded their money in a stocking, and smoked their pipes by the kitchen fire with a contented mind. They were very honest men. Is it their claim that you put in, Madam?"

"No," gasped Mrs. Potosi, half suffocated with chagrin.

"Then we have only one supposition left. This superiority must lie in the fact that your husband made his money thirty years ago. That will do. Thank you. Good-night!" The door closed with a bang. The impatient coachman drove on at a furious pace, but in a moment stopped again.

"What now?" cried Mrs. Potosi, sharply.

"Can't get no further, ma'am," answered the man.

Mrs. Potosi opened the door herself, and sprang out to find a great wall, blank, in their way. She looked about her, and saw a number of familiar faces. The Boggs, the Smalleys, the Trimalchios: in fact, nearly all the members of what she called her set. But beyond these all was changed. The social distinction was firmly planted in the great wall before her; and whatever was poor, or had been tainted with poverty, or belonged in any way to the common people, was removed beyond it. And there remained to Mrs. Potosi and her set a refined and sublimated world without taint of vulgarity; but—

No churches. The lord of all these splendid buildings was the son of a carpenter, the friend of fishermen, and in his deep poverty had not wherewith to lay his head. The greater portion of the Bible—Solomon's Songs being left, as written by the most magnificent of monarchs; also Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. All houses had vanished, built by common men, you see, necessarily. All bedding, carpets, curtains, chinaware, glass-ware, silver, clothes, coats, mirrors; every thing that could be manufactured, moulded, or blown, because these industries involve such an incalculable number of poor and common existences. All grains, groceries, and butchered meats because sown, reaped, gathered, brought, killed, and sold by common people. All books, with the exception of Queen Victoria's diary and a few others of noble origin, because books are written principally by men and women who have been, or are children of poverty. Machinery, and every vestige of railroads, telegraphs, and public roads, for similar reasons.

Mrs. Potosi and her set stood shivering in a desolation more appalling than ever befell shipwrecked castaways; for with the poor and all touch and trace of poverty, had vanished every touch and trace of civilization.

Mrs. Potosi burst out in tears and sobs, and—

"I think, after all," the Shah Jehan was saying in his low, sweet voice, "that I shall do better as the worshipper of the Sacred Fire. I find I am too barbarously literal."

Mrs. Potosi glanced wildly about her. She was sitting at dinner, in the Shah Jehan's dining-room.

Was it a delusion? a thing done with hashish and a magic mirror? a wholesome lesson? an outrage? a dream? a veritable exertion of art magic? I tell the tale as it was told to me, and leave the reader to decide.

THE END.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

THE Times publishes a singular story in illustration of the present unprotected condition of South London. One day last week, it is stated, loud cries for help were heard proceeding from the house next the George beer-shop, St. George's-road, North Peckham, one of the inmates of which is a returned convict, who has been several times convicted. None of the people who lived close at hand had the courage to proceed to the house to ascertain the cause of the cries. The landlord of a public-house in the neighbourhood sprung a rattle with the object of procuring the assistance of the police, but though he continued to use the instrument and also fired a revolver, no reply was made to the alarm. When the uproar had subsided the convict above mentioned went into the street, and, having asked a man, named Cochrane, why he had been listening, he put on a pair of knuckle-dusters and struck him a very hard blow on his forehead by which a severe wound was inflicted. The character of the house in which the convict lived is, it is said, well known; yet he was allowed time to attack some one in the house and then violently assault a looker-on in the street before a policeman could be summoned even with the assistance of rattles, alarm whistles, and revolvers. Two policemen in the neighbourhood were asked to interfere, but they replied that they could not leave their own beats. After the urgency of the case was suggested, however, one of them proceeded to the place where the outrage was committed. The beats of some of the police in the locality extend over an area of two miles, so that their appearance in any fixed place cannot, as a rule, be reckoned upon more than once in two hours. A public meeting is about to be held, at which the condition of the neighbourhood will be described, with a view to obtain increased protection from the authorities.

TERRIBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE—A WHOLE FAMILY DESTROYED BY FUMES OF CHARCOAL.

A DREADFUL crime was perpetrated on Tuesday in a row of cottages of St. Leonard's-road, Poplar, where the entire family of a mechanic, recently thrown out of work, was destroyed with the utmost deliberation. It has been ascertained by the investigation of the authorities that the perpetrators, or at least the chief perpetrator of the murder, was Jonathan Judge, a driller employed in the building of iron ships, who had been for a long time out of employment. He resided with his wife, Clara Judge, a native of Devonshire, and his daughter Louisa, aged 4 years, and an infant son, Charles, aged 10 months, at 18, Bromley-cottages, St. Leonard's-road, not far from the East India Docks. During the great depression in the shipbuilding trade he was wholly unemployed, and one of his children died and the infant Charles was born. These combined circumstances threw the family into extreme distress, but they never applied to the workhouse for any relief, even though they were often dependent upon the kindness of a neighbour for food. Their principal resource was a pawnshop, but a local club, the Great Eastern, gave some assistance on the occasion of the child's death. Some six weeks ago Judge got work at Messrs. Dudgeon's shipbuilding yard, but in three weeks the great fire occurred at Messrs. Dudgeon's, and Judge was consequently again thrown out of work. This new blow seems quite to have overwhelmed him and his wife. A fortnight ago Mrs. Judge, while recounting her troubles to her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Farmer, of 17, Bromley-cottages, said her husband the night before had said something in a very peculiar way. He said, according to her, "I know a way of ending the whole thing. It is a very easy

way that I have heard of. It is not my life or your life that I care about; but I do care about the children."

This conversation denotes the time when the murderous intention first took possession of Judge's mind, the family becoming more sunk in poverty day by day since; but it is a significant fact that although there is reason to believe that Judge's design was matured and communicated to Mrs. Judge, the latter never again alluded to it in her conversation with Mrs. Farmer. On Monday evening Judge was summoned to attend a meeting of his club to consider whether a young man who had broken his leg in a fight should be assisted out of the club funds. The club meeting over, Judge returned to 18, Bromley-cottages, and finding his wife absent, he knocked at Mrs. Farmer's wall to attract her attention. Mrs. Judge went to her husband, who appears to have fetched some beer in a can. He then with some paste, which had been previously made for the purpose, carefully covered all the chinks of the windows with brown paper. He next went into the yard and chopped up a great quantity of wood. He was so long engaged in this occupation that one of his neighbours gave him some pieces ready chopped, which he accepted. When he went indoors nothing further was seen or heard of the family until half-past 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

The neighbours finding that, contrary to custom, the Judges made no signs of stirring so late as half-past nine o'clock, and the singular words of Mrs. Judge a fortnight ago being called to mind, the police were communicated with. Sergeant Holton, of the K division, and Police-constable 299 K, at once proceeded to the spot, and with the aid of a ladder got in at the upper floor windows, and breaking the glass drew aside the blind. The fumes of charcoal were at once perceptible. The spectacle in the room was terrible. Judge and his wife lay on the bed in their nightdresses, and uncovered by the bedclothes; Mrs. Judge was on her back, and Judge, by her side, clasped her in his arms, his head reclining on her breast. The infant was on the mother's side, and the little girl Louisa was nestling close to her father. All four were quite dead. The children had apparently died in their sleep without a pang. It was then seen that the door had been as carefully covered with paper to exclude air from the crevices as the window had been. A portion of an old milk can, which stood near the table, and not far from the foot of the bed, had served as a brazier for the charcoal. The wood which had been given to Judge by the neighbour on Monday evening was found untouched, but the quantity of wood which he had himself cut up had disappeared, and it is therefore supposed that he had used it to intensify the fumes of the charcoal, of which he must have possessed himself with a view to the destruction of his family. Mr. Matthew Brownfield, police-surgeon, of the East India-road, was at once sent for, but he pronounced death to have occurred some considerable time previously.

On examining the premises more carefully two letters were found, one of which contained the words: "Give the eight-day clock to Ben. Jonathan Judge." The other was a much longer document. It minutely specified the household things of which the family was possessed, and directed their distribution among their relatives. It is signed, or at least purports to be signed, by "Jonathan Judge" and "Clara Judge." This fact leads to the supposition that Judge persuaded his wife to join him in destroying the whole family, and, indeed, from the position in which the body was found—clasped in his arms, and with the eyes open, showing that she had not been suffocated in her sleep—there is a difficulty in accepting any other view.

REWARDS FOR SAVING LIFE.

SEVERAL very praiseworthy cases of saving life from drowning have been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society. In one a man had been instrumental in rescuing at different times no fewer than twenty-six persons; another had on different occasions saved twenty-five, and had been three times previously rewarded by the society; another had rescued four persons, and another three; while there were two instances in which lads of fourteen years of age had, at great risk to themselves, saved persons who were in imminent peril.

On the recommendation of the Lords of the Admiralty the medallion of the society was conferred on Mr. E. B. Vankoughnet, R.N., for saving two children who fell into the water from a wharf at Brockville, Ontario. The children, who were five and eight years old respectively, were playing together, when the youngest suddenly fell into a depth of sixteen feet of water. The other immediately jumped in and tried to save him, but both sank. At this juncture Mr. Vankoughnet, who was on board the *Heron* gunboat at the time, seeing that the children were drowning, leaped overboard to their assistance, dived after them and caught them as they were sinking, and, notwithstanding a strong current which was running at the time, succeeded in keeping them above water until picked up by a boat. The medallion has also been conferred on George Midland, a boy of fourteen, for saving a man named Smerdon at Port Adelaide, Australia, under the following circumstances. During a heavy sea the man was seen to quit the steamer *Goolwa* in a dingy, which was capsized when at the distance of about half a mile from the beach. Seeing the man's danger the boy rode a horse through the breakers till only the animal's head and himself were visible, and ultimately reached Smerdon and assisted him ashore, bleeding profusely at the nose and much exhausted. The medal has also been given to Alfred Long and Edward Whenn for saving William Harbord, who sank while bathing at Yarmouth; to Oliver Davey for saving Mr. Nicholas Lobb, who was carried out of his depth while bathing at the entrance of the harbour at Bude, Cornwall; to Lieutenant Clement Lapremandaye, R.N., for saving William Keast, who fell overboard at Malta; to Patrick Doyle for saving William Walsh at Cork; and to William Dow for saving a boy named Way, who fell overboard at Harwich, and was being carried out by a strong ebb tide.

ANOTHER MILITARY SUICIDE.—The order for the removal of the service ammunition from the soldiers' pouches arrived at Pembroke Dock on Tuesday, the 7th of September, but before the order thus tardily issued was carried into effect another military suicide had occurred. Early the same morning, Sergeant Little, of the 36th Regiment 3rd Depot Battalion, quartered at Pembroke, was found in the water-closet with the upper portion of his skull blown off. His rifle was resting on his shoulder, the trigger attached by threads of his sash to his toe. A disappointment in love is stated to be the cause.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

AN ALARMING OCCURRENCE.—A serious accident occurred a few days back at Eymoutiers (Haute-Vienne). A banquet by subscription had been organised to compliment M. Cramouzar, mayor of the town, on his nomination as Knight in the Legion of Honour, and about 300 persons were assembled in the upper story of the town-hall, when the floor suddenly gave way, and precipitated the guests to the room beneath. About 50 of them were more or less seriously hurt.

GROSS CRUELTY.—A gentleman's son has been convicted of gross cruelty at the Birkenhead police-court. Sitting on the wall of his father's garden and cracking his whip, he had been annoyed because a little pet Italian greyhound in the street close by barked at him. Heaping a pile of stones on the wall, he deliberately pelted the dog to death. The magistrate fined him £3 for the cruelty, £2 the value of the dog, and costs, in all £5 9s.

SERIOUS OUTRAGE.—An outrage, which may possibly result in a charge of murder, was committed by a father on his son, at East Jarrow, near South Shields, on Saturday night. A quarrel broke out among the members of an Irish family named Duffey, and after it was, apparently, all over, the father went up to his son, who had gone to bed, and deliberately stabbed him in the abdomen with a clasp knife. The young man's injuries are such that he was considered on Sunday to be in a dying state. His father is in custody.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—A boiler explosion has occurred at the rice mills of Messrs. Clark & Co., Parr-street, Liverpool. The engine-man was so severely injured that he died a few minutes after his body was exhumed from the debris which the explosion had caused to fall around and upon him. The fragments of the exploded boiler, which had occupied a place in the engine-room on the basement of the premises, had been blown with great violence some yards from the bed of brickwork in which it had been erected.

DESPERATE STREET ROBBERY.—About eight o'clock the other evening, Mr. Davis, a schoolmaster, was attacked at the corner of London-street, London-road, near the South London Music Hall, by three or four young men, and his watch, a gold repeater of the value of £30, taken out of his waistcoat pocket, the thieves dashing down London-street with their booty. Mr. Davis, who is advanced in years, was so surprised at the suddenness of the attack that for the moment he was unable to give any alarm, and by the time he had recovered himself the thieves were out of sight.

A PLEASURE PARTY SUNK IN A CANAL.—A party of excursionists from Grantham to Woolthorpe, on the canal, experienced a very disagreeable accident when near home, on their return in the evening. The vessel, a pleasure boat, covered with an awning, and drawn by a horse, was overcrowded, so that the edge was not many inches out of the water. When at the swing bridge a little water came in from a leak, and the people on board crowded to the other end, which caused water to flow in there, when they rushed to one side, and the boat tilted and went down. The darkness made the position more alarming, but with the assistance of friends of the party, who had gone to meet them on their return, all were got out.

ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE.—A fatal accident or suicide occurred on Saturday afternoon about four o'clock on the Thames Embankment, facing Somerset House. It appears that a decently dressed young man was seen to seat himself on the parapet of the Embankment, and shortly after to slide down the wall into the river. The fall was instantly perceived from the Thames Police-station, anchored near the spot. A boat was immediately put off, and the drowning man rescued after he had been some ten minutes in the water. The body was taken to the Temple-pier, when life appeared extinct, and notwithstanding efforts persisted in for more than half-an-hour, animation could not be restored. Finally, the dead body was carried away on a stretcher to King's College Hospital.

ASSAULT ON A GAMEKEEPER.—At the Warwick Police-court, eight young men, named Harkill, Garrison, Edward and Charles Tallis, and William and Charles Bastock, were charged with maliciously wounding George Henry Watts, one of Lord Warwick's keepers. Watts was the principal witness against two Warwick men convicted of night poaching at the last assizes, and has since been repeatedly threatened. On Wednesday night last week, whilst at the Dux Cow, Saltisford, Henry Bastock and Charles Tallis knocked him down. The prisoners and other men then kicked him forty or fifty times in the face, until it was a mass of bruises, and varied their brutality by jumping on his chest. The medical evidence showed that Watt's injuries were of a frightful character, and that serious consequences might ensue. The bench committed the prisoners for trial, and fixed the bail at £100 each.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—On Saturday an inquest was held at the Duke's Head Tavern, Whitechapel-road, respecting the death of Henry Trotter. The deceased had been an inmate of the Whitechapel Workhouse, and he left it by his own request. He had been a sailor, and he was well known as an habitual beggar about Whitechapel. Richard Jones, 7, Mount-place, said that he was a night watchman, and had charge of six houses. On Wednesday some persons called his attention to a horrible smell which proceeded from the cellar of No. 4, Mount-place, and upon his going to see what was the matter, he found the dead body of the deceased lying in a corner of it. He had three weeks ago crept into the cellar for the purpose of going to sleep there, and had died in it. Dr. Haldey said that the deceased had been, when found in the cellar, dead 21 days. He had died in a sound sleep, and his death was caused by neglect and starvation. The jury returned a verdict of death from starvation.

FOUNDERS OF A STEAMER.—On Saturday morning information was received at Cardiff of the foundering of a very fine steamer, the Golden Fleece, which had sailed from the Penarth Dock on the previous day. The steamer was laden with 2,000 tons of Powell Duffryn coal for Alexandria, but was capable, from its size, of carrying nearly double that quantity. The Cardiff Times, in its late edition of Saturday evening, attributes the sinking to a leak. Water was found to be rushing into the engine-room, and orders were immediately given to run the steamer ashore. Within 20 minutes after the vessel sunk at a spot a short distance off Barry Island. The boats had been previously got out, and the whole of the crew landed in safety, with the exception of one man, who assisted to get the boats off, but was missed shortly after. The water at the place where the vessel now lies is comparatively shallow, and hopes are entertained that it will

be possible to raise her. Some of the crew, however, express the opinion that the ship has broken her back. The Golden Fleece cost her original owners over 100,000.

DEATH FROM A BLOW.—Mr. W. J. Payne, the deputy-coroner for the city of London, has held an inquest, in the board-room of St. George's Workhouse, Borough, into the circumstances attending the death of Charles Turney. Deceased was potman and waiter at the Green Man Tavern, Loughborough-road, Brixton. He was 37 years of age. About eight weeks ago, late at night, a gentleman, who, it was said, resided in the neighbourhood of Brixton, and who was in the habit of using the tavern, went into the house and called for something to drink. He appeared to be intoxicated, and whilst standing in front of the bar he became very abusive, and the deceased, who was standing close by, requested him to be quiet, when, as alleged, the gentleman turned round and struck him in the chest. Deceased was afterwards taken ill, complained of pains about the body, and on Sunday week he fell down dead in the Westminster-bridge-road. The post mortem examination showed that three of his ribs were broken, which had been done about eight weeks before his death. Deceased before death said he was ordered to put the gentleman out of the bar, and he was doing so when he was struck.

TWO MEN BURNED TO DEATH.—On Monday an inquest was held in Wolverhampton to investigate the circumstances attending the death of two men who had been killed by an accident at an ironworks. The evidence showed that the deceased, who were aged 35 and 21 respectively, and named the first Henry Boulter and the other Henry Parkes, were the keeper and the tesser at two of the blast furnaces belonging to the Patent Shaft and Axle-Tree Company of Wednesbury. Whilst they were engaged in the process of tapping one of the huge furnaces of which they had the charge, a portion of the furnace was blown out, and they were shockingly burnt with the many tons of molten metal and red hot scoria which flew over them. In a dying state they were conveyed to the South Staffordshire Hospital, where they soon expired. The inference of the experts examined on Monday was that Boulter had allowed the furnace to remain too long untapped, and that the metal, rising to the tuyeres through which the air is blown into the furnace, burnt a hole in the casing, and the water within escaping upon the metal generated steam, which led to an explosion. The manager of the works in response to the desire of the jury promised that he would turn his attention to some method by which it might be learnt by the keeper of a furnace what at any given stage was the weight of the seething metal.

SUFFOCATED IN A WELL.—Three men, named James Hanson, of Brimrod; James Hardman, of John-street; and John Hanson, were engaged last week sinking a well on the premises of Messrs. J. and T. Holt, rope manufacturers, of Mill-road, Rochdale. On the Thursday evening the workmen had sunk the well to the depth of eight yards, at a width of 4 ft. 6 in., where they came upon a layer of sand, and for the first time water made its appearance. The men, who had taken the work by contract, were gratified by the appearance of water at that depth. On the Friday morning, at half-past six, they recommenced work. James Hanson was first let down by a windlass, and when he reached the bottom both John Hanson and James Hardman saw him fall over as if in a fit. James Hardman, a large, powerfully-built man, immediately slid down the rope to his assistance. As soon as he got to the bottom John Hanson saw that he also fell over as if senseless. He immediately gave an alarm to some slaters. The rope was tied round a man named Samuel Edwards, and he was lowered down the well, but on reaching the bottom he became stupefied, and was immediately wound up. Under treatment Edwards gradually recovered. How to hoist up the two unfortunate men became a difficult question. At last some person suggested the use of a couple of wool hooks, which were found to answer by hooking them up by the clothes. On reaching the surface, about eight o'clock in the morning, they were pronounced by Dr. Morris to be quite dead, death being caused by inhaling carbonic gas, which had accumulated in the well during the night.

A LOVER'S ARDOUR "DAMPED."—At the Ormeau petty sessions, three young men, named Joseph Nickson, Jacob Nickson, and John Wareing, were summoned for having assaulted William Forshaw, at Halsall on the 25th of August. Complainant said—I was going to see my sweetheart when I met these three men. They asked me to give them a shilling, and because I refused they put me in a sack. It wasn't big enough, and they fetched another and put it over my head. Then they threw me into a ditch. (Laughter.) They have caught me with my sweetheart before, and threatened to "sack" me. (Laughter.) It is usual to ask for a shilling, but it is not usual to drown a chap. (Renewed laughter.) A woman standing by asked them to pull me out, but they said I hadn't been in half long enough. Mr. Dodd (who appeared for defendants)—And your young lady, did she stand by this murmuring stream—(laughter)—while this was going on? Complainant—She knelt by the stream and watched me. (Laughter.) At last I got out and was the worse for my ducking. I was a long while before I came to myself. Only that night I had been to a doctor. Mr. Dodd—Do you mean to say you were damaged beyond wetting? Complainant—They likened to have smothered me. (laughter.) Mr. Dodd—Was it not a mere lark such as young men play on one another? Complainant—It was above fun nearly drowning a chap. (Renewed laughter.) They raised me up and down in the sacks until I was a' in a sweat, and then they chucked me into the brook. (Laughter.) I've got shillings from other men, when they have been courting. Complainant's sweetheart said she was in bed when the "sacking" began, but hearing the noise and her sweetheart in distress, she ran out and saw the three men throw the sack over his head and trail him through the brook. Complainant sobbed, and then they pulled him out. The defendants were told that such a practical joke was a serious one, and were fined 10s and costs each.

A BRACE OF RUFFIANS.—The Court of Assizes at Chalon-sur-Saone has just tried two men named Auzerat and Chaumont for murder. Chaumont, a small cultivator, had lived on bad terms with a neighbour, a wine grower, named Guichard, and having one day, during a quarrel, fractured the skull of the latter by a blow with a pickaxe, was condemned to eight months' imprisonment, and to pay 1,000f. damages. The idea of giving money to his enemy greatly irritated him, and while undergoing his sentence he made offers to several of his fellow-convicts to pay to anyone 1,000f. who would kill Guichard for him. Nothing can be easier he said, "You have only to go to the house with an empty bottle to buy some wine, and

while the man is going down to the cellar to fetch it, you can knock his brains out with a club." Three of the prisoners declined to accept the offer, but in a fourth, Auzerat, Chaumont found the man he wanted, and a bargain was struck between those two worthies; the accomplice was to execute the plan designed, and if the project of murdering Guichard did not succeed, his wife and son were to be killed in his stead. Auzerat had, however, on his side a scheme of vengeance to satisfy, and Chaumont, besides paying him the promised 1,000f. undertook to render him a similar service; this was no less than to set fire to the mayor's house at Flacey, where the other lived; after poisoning a watch-dog, and shooting a gamekeeper who kept the lodge; Chaumont was also to get rid of the mother-in-law of his confederate, to whom the woman was a burden. Auzerat was the first to leave the prison, and at once prepared to execute his part of the contract. He called on Guichard as arranged; but the latter, instead of selling him the wine, referred him to a neighbour, named Girardon. Auzerat, however, induced Guichard's son to show him the way, and letting the lad walk in advance, stabbed him mortally in the back, and then took to flight. The Guichard family at once divined that this base crime must have been instigated by Chaumont and an inquiry instituted by the prison authorities soon brought the whole facts to light. Each of the accused on the trial endeavoured to save himself by incriminating his accomplice, but both were condemned to hard labour for life, and to pay jointly 3,000f. to the parents of the victim.

FOUND DROWNED.—An inquiry was held by Mr. W. J. Payne, the deputy coroner, at the Vestry-hall, Fair-street, Horselydown, respecting the death of a woman found drowned in the Thames off Horselydown. At the opening of the inquest on Saturday it was proved that the deceased had been found in the water on Friday, but there was no evidence to prove her identity. Mr. Benjamin Kaiser now identified the body as that of his wife, Pauline Kaiser, aged 32 years, and he said that only for the newspapers he should never have known where she was or what had become of her. According to the evidence she lived with her husband at Avenue-road, Camberwell. He was a watchmaker, and he and his wife were from the Black Forest, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. About a fortnight ago they were pressed for money, and she said to her husband, "We must cut down the house-keeping expenses." She then took a little pet dog that she had, and walked with it from Camberwell to Southwark-bridge. She threw the animal over the bridge into the water. She then returned home, and said, "I am sorry for poor Dicky. I was very fond of him, but I have drowned him. He was starving, and he cost 7d. a week, and that was a good bit of money. I wish that I had killed him before. I threw him over the bridge, but he may have swam out of the river and he may be starving still, or he may have got in with unkind people." On Sunday week she called upon a married sister living in Long-lane, Bermondsey, and she told her all about the dog, and she was then very sad. When leaving she kissed her sister's children several times, and after that she left the house and was never seen alive after, and it is supposed that she threw herself into the Thames. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind," and upon their doing so, Mr. Kaiser addressed the clerk of the court, and said—I wish for a certificate to prove that my wife is dead, for they are very particular in Germany, and they will say to me, "Why have you got a wife; your wife is not dead." The Clerk—Are you going back to the Black Forest at once to prove that your wife is dead, so as to be able to marry again? Mr. Kaiser—Well, I want the certificate. The Clerk—Certificates are not granted in such cases, but we will see what we can do for you. The husband then left the court.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

An almost incredible example of the state of semi-idiotcy into which ignorance and distrust of law may plunge people is reported from Paris. A gentleman living in the Faubourg Poissonniere committed suicide by stabbing himself with a dagger. His wife, hearing him fall, jumped out of bed, and on discovering what had happened called aloud for help. A servant appeared, but when he saw the dagger planted in the body he refused to remove it or try to staunch the blood; he fled terror-stricken and aroused the concierge. The latter took flight too, and declared that the body must not be touched until the arrival of the police; otherwise they would all be accused of murder together. The unfortunate wife meanwhile had fainted. After a time two sergents-de-ville arrived, and it is here that the episode becomes tragically grotesque. The two functionaries, without stooping to see whether there was any remnant of life in the senseless body, declared that not a finger must be laid upon it, but that it must remain exactly where it lay, with the dagger in it, until the commissaire arrived. At length this representative of authority made his appearance, just one hour and a half after the catastrophe; so that even had the unhappy man been still alive when his wife first called for help, which is not at all improbable, he had had time to die fifty times over in the interval. This occurrence calls to mind the conduct of that French apprentice who, finding his master suspended by the neck and struggling violently, rushed off to fetch a policeman, but left his master hanging. When asked why he had not cut down the body, he answered, weeping, that if his master had died after being cut down he—the apprentice—would have had to prove that he had not killed him. This is a very general belief among Frenchmen, and supplies a significant commentary on judicial institutions on the other side of the Channel.

DOUBTLESS many of our readers have experienced to their cost at some time or other, how annoying it is when in a hurry to find oneself in possession of a pen, useful it may be on ordinary occasions, but that now will persist in sticking in the paper, or spluttering over the sheet. To all such, we say, give Messrs. Macniven and Cameron's valuable pens, the "Owl," the "Waverley," and the "Pickwick" a trial. We have used them on all kinds of paper, and under the most unfavourable circumstances, and have never found them fail.

THE arrangements for completing the destruction of the wreck of the large emigrant ship *Leichardt*, which was partially blown up by the sappers of the Royal Engineers from Chatham by means of heavy charges of gun cotton, having been completed, and the fresh charges prepared at the School of Military Engineering, it was intended that the operations should be proceeded with a day or two since. On the Royal Engineers, however, proceeding to the Maplin Sands to complete the destruction of the remainder of the vessel it was found that the effects of the former explosion had been so complete that no portion of the *Leichardt* remained. The explosions had so loosened the timbers of the vessel that they had gradually floated to the surface.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL WALLACE MONUMENT.

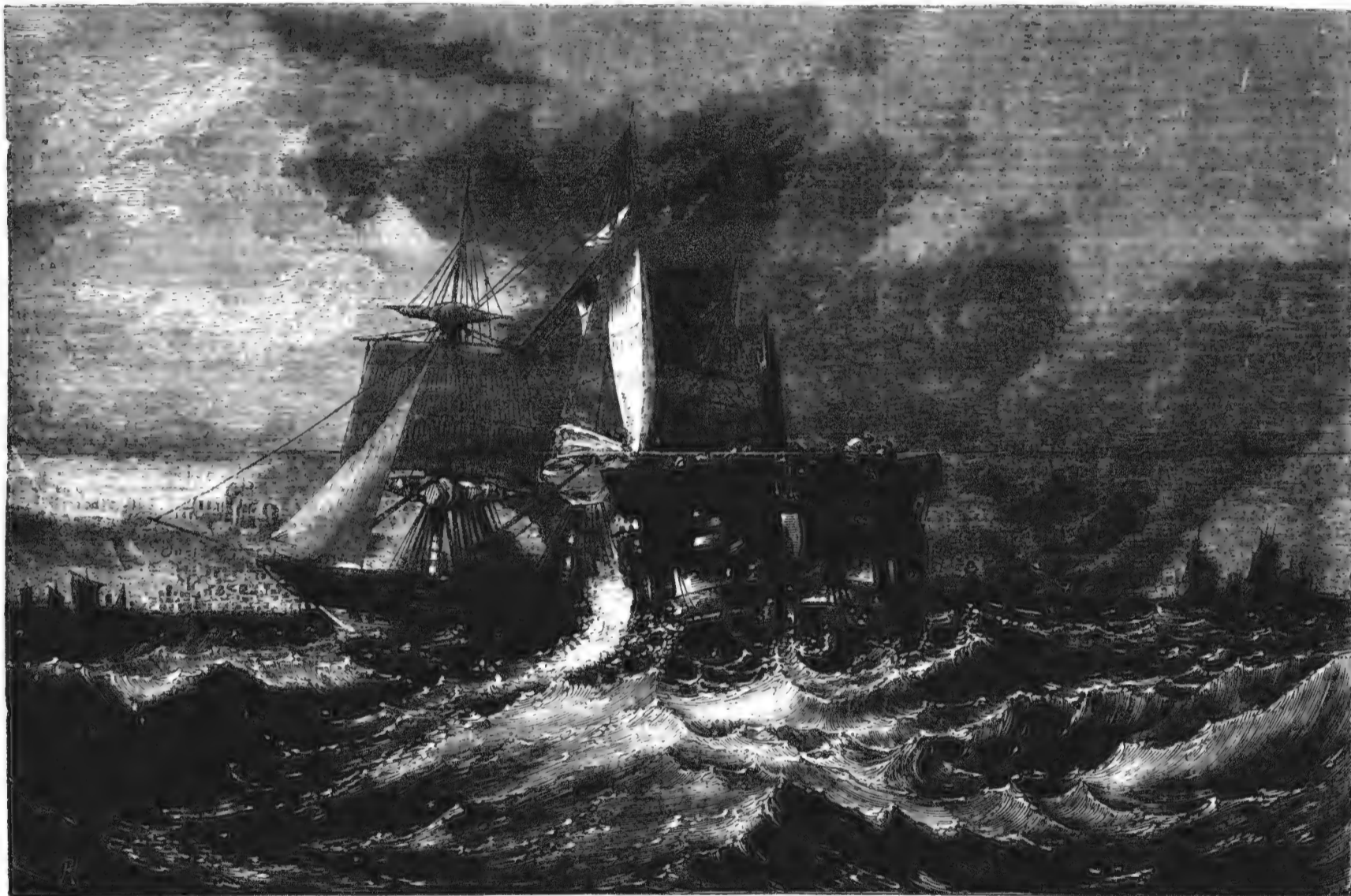
SINCE a national monument has been erected to the memory of one of the bravest of Scottish patriots, the propriety of perpetuating the name and valiant deeds of Wallace in stone and lime in this enlightened 19th century need not be called in question. A Wallace monument, suffice it to say, at a cost of nearly £14,000, has been erected on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, and it was formally inaugurated last Saturday. The history of the Wallace Monument is fraught with many misfortunes and difficulties, extending over a period of at least eight years; but the reproach which threatened Scotland has fortunately been removed, and the Wallace cairn has been almost completed. The appearance of the monument is of an imposing character. It is situated on the highest point of the Abbey Craig, which is at least 340 ft. above the level of the sea, and is seen on all sides from a great distance. The design consists of a Scottish baronial tower, 220 ft. high, and 36 ft. square. The walls are massive, being 18 ft. thick at the base, and from five to six feet at its thinnest part. At the east side of the tower is a lodge for the warder, and an open court-yard, entered by arched gateways with bold mouldings, separates the main building from the warder's dwelling. Above the outer gateway are the Wallace arms, surmounted with a large Scotch thistle. Passing through the gateway into a stone arched passage, a series of steps leads to an open octagonal winding staircase, projecting from the south-west angle of the tower, and running up nearly its entire height. Arrowlets pierce the walls of the staircase at intervals almost to the summit of the tower, and bold cable mouldings, with moulded angles, bind the walls externally. The staircase forms the approach to several spacious and lofty halls de-

THE GREAT FIRE IN RUSSIA—113 HOUSES BURNT.

THE *Moscow News* supplies the following particulars of a terrible fire that broke out at Kharkov, on the 21st ult., and has been only briefly announced by telegraph:—"During the whole of Friday, the 8th (20th) of August, the weather continued extremely sultry, unrelieved by a single breath of wind; the sky glowed like an oven, and the streets were almost deserted. On Saturday the heat was still as great as ever, but a violent wind had now sprung up, which by mid-day increased almost to a hurricane. The unusual dryness of the weather, and the numerous fires which had recently occurred in the neighbourhood of the town, made every one feel nervous, and in every direction people were to be seen crossing themselves and muttering, 'God grant that this day may pass over without any calamity!' About four in the afternoon an alarm of fire was raised, and a thick cloud of smoke came rolling over the town from one of the streets near the market, where several houses had caught fire almost simultaneously. The wooden walls, which the long-continued heat had rendered almost as dry as tinder, burned furiously, and gave full employment to the firemen, who instantly hastened to the spot. Just as the flames were beginning to be got under, a fresh conflagration broke out in another part of the town, distracting the attention of the police, who began to suspect that this catastrophe was in reality the work of incendiaries. The firemen, however, went manfully to work, vigorously aided by the inhabitants, who were by this time thronging the streets in hundreds. Suddenly a bright glare broke through the gathering darkness and rolling smoke, while at the same

CHARGES OF CRUELTY AT SEA.

THE Cowes magistrates have been investigating charges of cruelty against David Rich Cook and John Lammell, the captain and mate of the ship *Annie Boylston*, while on her voyage from Callao to Cowes. The vessel was anchored off Cowes on Tuesday last week when one of the crew threw himself overboard and made towards the shore. Having been picked up by a yacht's boat, before the evening three more of the crew got ashore, and on the Wednesday others. They were preceded in an application to the police by a passenger, who, having landed, took some papers to the authorities which had been drawn up by the crew. The captain coming ashore, was followed by a large number of sailors and others, and took refuge in a shop, whence the police rescued him and conveyed him before the magistrates. There some four or five of the crew detailed various kinds of ill-treatment to which they had been subjected. Thomas Mansfield deposed that when ill with dysentery the mate dragged him out of the fore-castle, beat him with brass knuckles on his hand, and forced him to work a capstan bar, and every time he came round he struck him with a bludgeon. Another witness proved that the carpenter, who was left at Callao, and was since believed to be dead, was also beaten with brass knuckles by the mate and received five wounds on his head; whilst another of the crew, named Ryan, was beaten with a club by the mate, and had his nose broken. It was at night, and Ryan, having cried loudly, the captain came out of his cabin, with a naked sword and dark lantern, and having asked what was the matter, the mate replied, "It's the man that insulted you the other day." The captain said, "Ah, then, you have got him at last," and called for irons to put



AFTER THE STORM.—(SEE PAGE 1442)

signed for the display of armour and antiquarian relics. On reaching the top of the staircase there is a bartizan parapet five feet thick, and protected on the outside with a parapet wall six feet wide and 18 inches thick. On going round the four sides of the parapet the bartizan platform is reached, an open space of about 25 feet square, paved with heavy flags, and protected on the outside with a low parapet consisting of large balls, surmounted by a moulded cope. An imperial crown forms the apex of the monument. This coronal top is upwards of 70 feet high, and comprises eight arms from the angles and sides all converging to the centre, and forming a series of richly moulded flying buttresses. The building is of freestone, with the exception of the interior and packing, which is whinstone.

On Saturday, the monument was publicly inaugurated. The provost, magistrates, and town council of Stirling, as patrons of Cowan's Hospital, and proprietors of the Abbey Craig, upon which the monument is erected, marched in procession from Stirling to the monument. They were received in one of the halls of the building by several members of the acting and building committees and other gentlemen, including Lord Jerviswood, Sheriff Munro, Colonel Dreghorn (Glasgow), Mr. Roughhead, architect of the structure; Mr. W. Burns (Glasgow), Mr. Peter Drummond (Stirling), treasurer of the fund, and Mr. E. Morrison. The proceedings all passed off auspiciously.

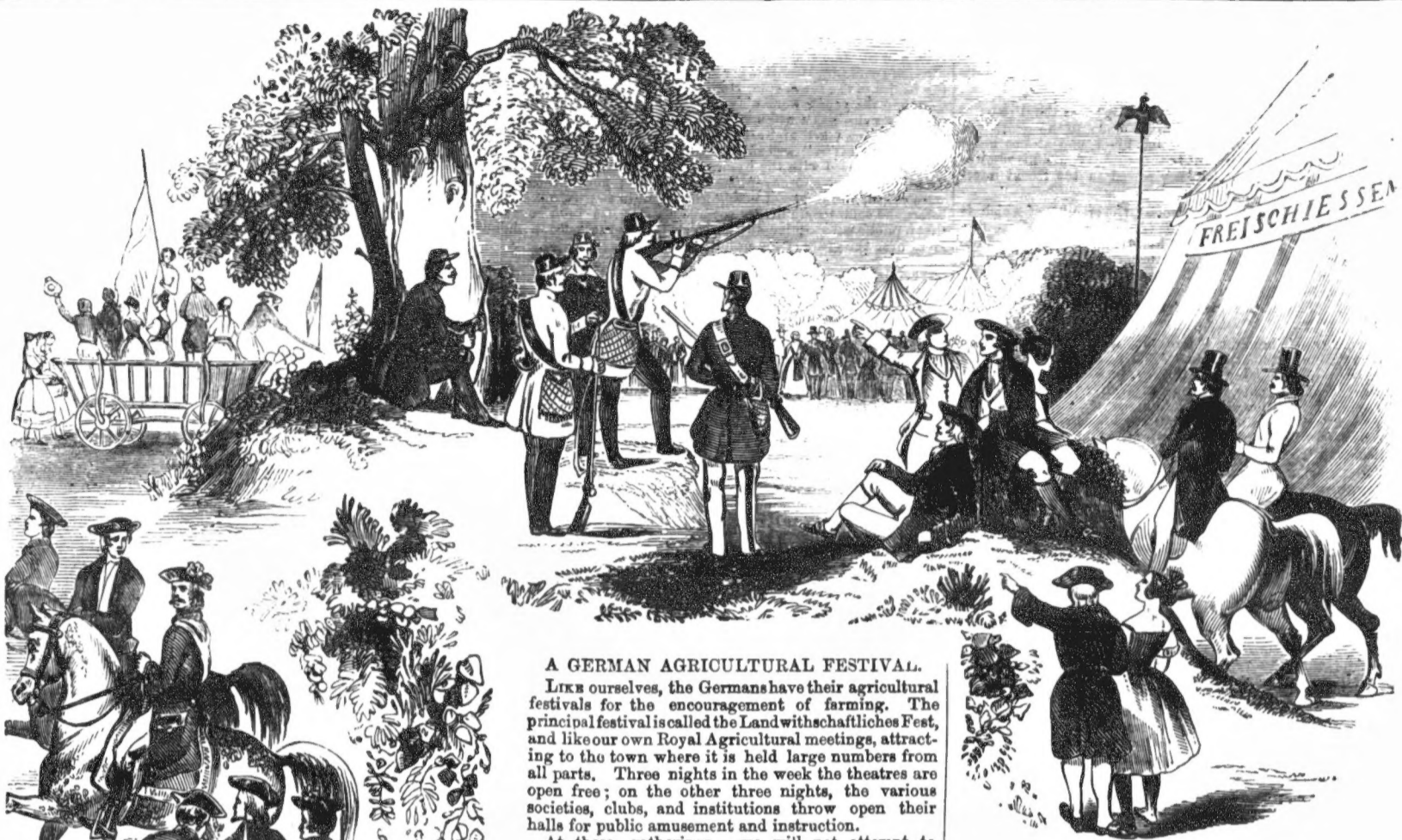
PRINTING IN ANTIQUE TYPE.—Judd and Glass, of the Phoenix Works, St. Andrew's-hill, have, in addition to their extensive selection of Modern Types, complete Founts of Old-faced Letters, and execute orders for large and small Posting Bills, Circulars, Reports, &c., by steam machinery, with the utmost expedition. Estimates on application.

moment a shriek was heard, 'The great market is on fire!' A kind of smothered groan ran through the crowd, and those who had been the most active suddenly ceased their efforts, as if giving way to despair. The scene at this moment was wild beyond description. The gathering darkness of the night was lit up by a fierce red glare, waxing and waning like the flame of some vast lamp, now obscured by rolling billows of smoke, now shooting up again brighter and fiercer than ever; while the scared faces of the crowd, the outlines of the houses, the struggling figures of the fire brigade (who still persevered gallantly in their hopeless efforts), stood out under the dancing light with a vividness which made the surrounding gloom appear all the blacker. All the endeavours of the firemen were utterly powerless to abate the conflagration, and the utmost which they could do was to prevent it from spreading further; but eventually they were so overpowered with fatigue as to be almost incapable of working, and it is hard to say how far the mischief might not have proceeded had not the wind, a little before midnight, suddenly dropped. The fire at length died out of itself; but not before it had utterly consumed 113 houses, and destroyed an amount of property which it is at present impossible to estimate."

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post office-order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.—[Advt.]

him in, but one of the crew, seeing Ryan in a pool of blood, suggested, "Had you not better look at the man, for perhaps he will die before morning?" The captain then said he should be put in his cabin, where it was found his nose was broken—"it seemed to turn on a pivot." Ryan called out for mercy, when the mate again struck him and threatened to shoot with his revolver the first man that stirred. A lengthened inquiry resulted in the committal for trial of the captain and mate on some of the charges, and their remand to the divisional petty sessions at Newport on others, and the fining of one of the crew (John Lealee) in 30s. and costs for assaulting the captain in the street at Cowes. As the sailor had no money the public present in the room made a subscription and saved him from being committed to gaol.

PIGEON-ENGLISH.—A Chinaman can't pronounce the word "business." The nearest he can come to it is "pigeon." A very few English words pronounced in John Chinaman's peculiar way, a few Portuguese, and a few Chinese words, all wrought into Chinese idioms, make up the business language which is used between the Chinese and English-speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon-English." An Englishman translated into pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was, "My name is b'long Norval. Top kehlampian hills my fader chow chow he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store," had to be freely "done" in this shape—"My fader very small heartee man—too much like that piccie dolla."



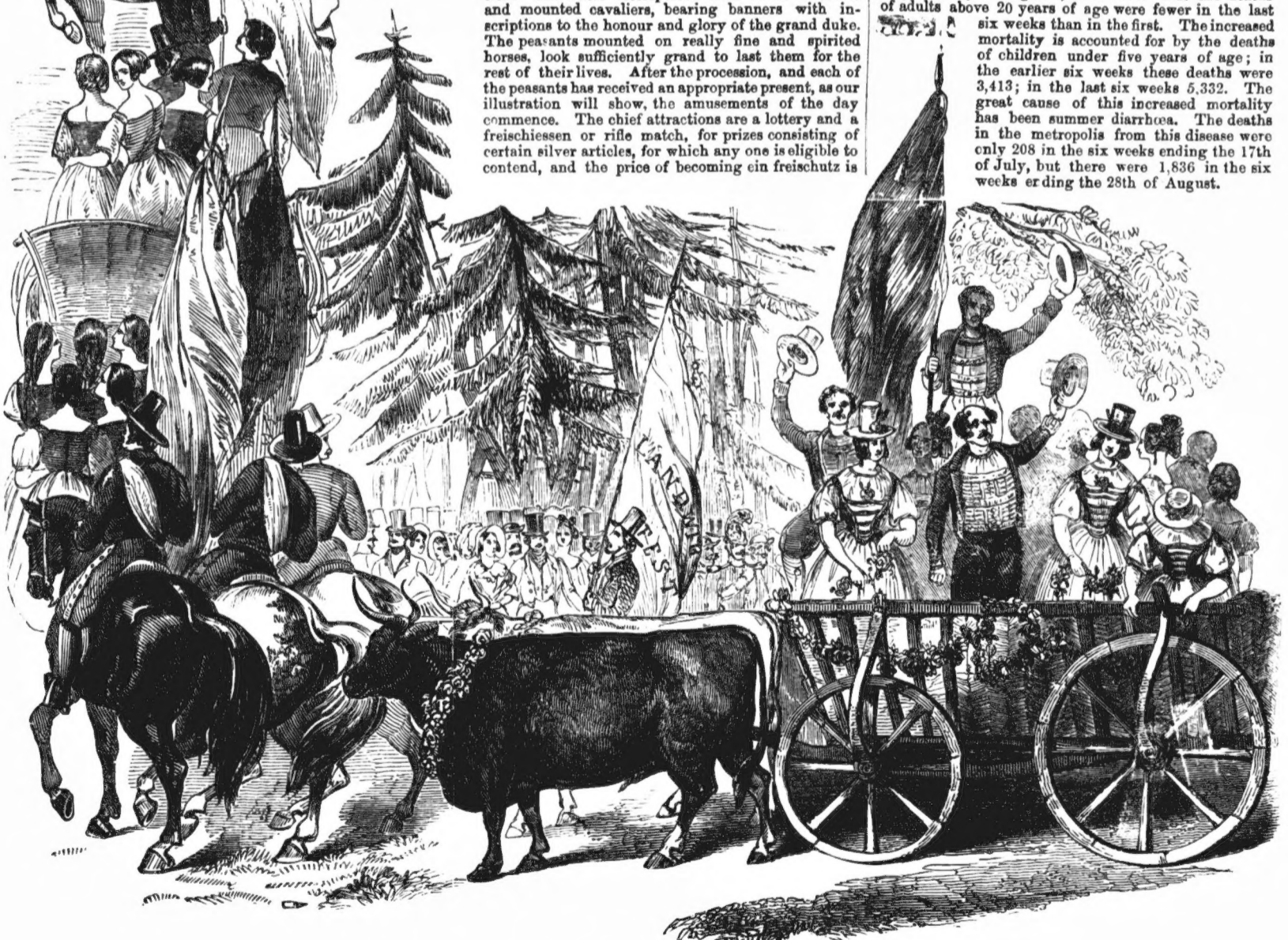
A GERMAN AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

Like ourselves, the Germans have their agricultural festivals for the encouragement of farming. The principal festival is called the Landwirthschaftliches Fest, and like our own Royal Agricultural meetings, attracting to the town where it is held large numbers from all parts. Three nights in the week the theatres are open free; on the other three nights, the various societies, clubs, and institutions throw open their halls for public amusement and instruction.

At these gatherings—we will not attempt to spell the name again—the procession of the agricultural classes begins to move about twelve o'clock. It consists of a train of waggons tastily ornamented with festoons of flowers and fruit, bearing choice specimens of the various sorts of produce, and accompanied by detachments of peasantry, male and female, dressed in the picturesque costume of their several districts. The vine-dressers lead the van, and these are followed by the cultivators of hops, tobacco, hemp, together with the manufacturers of sugar from beetroot, miners, and a variety of others too numerous to mention. The whole interspersed with bands of music and mounted cavaliers, bearing banners with inscriptions to the honour and glory of the grand duke. The peasants mounted on really fine and spirited horses, look sufficiently grand to last them for the rest of their lives. After the procession, and each of the peasants has received an appropriate present, as our illustration will show, the amusements of the day commence. The chief attractions are a lottery and a freischiesen or rifle match, for prizes consisting of certain silver articles, for which any one is eligible to contend, and the price of becoming ein freischutz is

twenty-four kreutzers. The mark is a very large eagle made of very tough wood, and set upon a pole 150 feet high, and the object is to bring down the head, wings, &c. It is sometimes not before the third day that the bird, piece by piece, is entirely shot away.

SUMMER MORTALITY.—The deaths in the metropolis in the six weeks ending the 17th of July averaged 1,291 a-week; in the following six weeks, ending the 28th of August, they averaged 1,576 a-week. But the deaths of adults above 20 years of age were fewer in the last six weeks than in the first. The increased mortality is accounted for by the deaths of children under five years of age; in the earlier six weeks these deaths were 3,413; in the last six weeks 5,332. The great cause of this increased mortality has been summer diarrhoea. The deaths in the metropolis from this disease were only 208 in the six weeks ending the 17th of July, but there were 1,836 in the six weeks ending the 28th of August.



GERMAN HARVEST FESTIVAL.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

We are now told that the new Blackfriars-bridge will certainly be opened on Michaelmas Day.

THE HARVARD CREW.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has caused a communication to be made to the gentlemen composing the Harvard crew, expressing his regret at not being able to see them during their visit to this country, and his admiration of the gallant way in which they rowed in the recent international contest on the Thames.

The memorial stone of a fever hospital, the erection of which is due chiefly to the munificence of some of the residents of the district, was laid at Bradford last week by Mr. A. Harris, one of the originators of the scheme, and a contributor of £3,800 towards the cost of the building. Mr. Titus Salt gave £5,000, and has also promised to endow the institution with £50 a year towards its maintenance. The entire cost of the hospital will be about £11,000.

AN "arms case" brought before the Dublin magistrates on Saturday attracted some attention. The police had arrested two labouring men named Casey and Cooney, in whose lodgings they found two rifles, a bayonet, and a green sash and cap, "which they supposed to belong to a leading member of the Fenian organization." They also found fourteen likenesses of celebrated Fenian leaders. The sash was handsomely trimmed with white. The prisoners were remanded for a week, that further inquiry might be made.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a great demonstration in Trafalgar-square, on Monday, the 20th inst., with the view of inducing the Government to grant the release of the political prisoners. A meeting was held on Monday night on Clerkenwell-green, as a preliminary to the proposed "demonstration." About 150 or 200 persons were present. At either side of the platform from which the speakers addressed the meeting were a red flag surmounted with a cap of liberty and a tricolour banner inscribed "International Democratic Association."

CAPTAIN SHAW, of the fire brigade, is in New York. The chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is on a tour of inspection to examine the workings of the different fire departments in the principal cities of the United States. The commissioners of the New York Fire Department, on the 19th ult., paraded their engines and firemen for Captain Shaw's inspection. The engines were formed in a line, and the alacrity and discipline with which they were worked and manoeuvred elicited his highest praise and commendations. His stay in the United States is limited.

AN ELOPEMENT.—On Friday morning a groom, a married man, in the service of a gentleman living at Rothwell, in Northamptonshire, eloped with a female domestic in the same establishment. The groom's wife, finding that her husband had taken with him some money she had left her a short time ago, went to Leicester, accompanied by her brother. As they were waiting on the platform, the wife and brother alighted from a train just arrived. The former rushed up to the girl, and not contenting herself with expressing her indignation in very strong language, she gave her physical demonstration of her disapproval of her conduct. They then left the platform followed by a large crowd, and were soon glad to take refuge in a public-house. Here a consultation took place, the wife offering to take her husband home again if he chose to return, or if he would give her her money he might go away with the girl. She also advised the girl to go back, and offered to pay her fare. All these overtures were refused, and ultimately a cab was sent for, and the parties left the house. All attempts at an arrangement had thus far proved unsuccessful, and the wife entered the cab expressing a determination to follow her truant husband "whithersoever he went."

DEATH IN NEWGATE PRISON.—An inquest was held in Newgate Prison on Saturday afternoon respecting the death of Sarah Hardy, aged 68, an inmate of the gaol. The governor said the deceased was brought into the prison on the 28th of July for stealing, in conjunction with her son, some property from the West London Workhouse, where she had been an inmate for two years. Dr. J. R. Gibson, surgeon, said he visited all the female prisoners once a week. The deceased became ill last week, and died on Friday from congestion of the abdominal organs and exhaustion from want of vitality. The daughter of the deceased said that she called on Monday, and again on Thursday, to see her sick mother, but on both occasions was refused admittance. Dr. Gibson said it was thought that the mother would be well enough to come downstairs to see her daughter on Sunday. It was the custom not to allow any visitor to go upstairs. The imprisoned son said that his mother fretted about something she had said against him at the trial. He thought that accelerated her death. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes," and added a recommendation that facilities should be made for prisoners being visited by their relatives in such cases.

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., ON FOOLS AND KNAVES.—The Right Hon. J. Bright, M.P., has addressed the following letter to Mr. Leonard Kaberry, jun., Rochdale:—"Rochdale, Sept. 8, 1869. Dear Sir,—I thank you for the newspaper. There are knaves in the world, and there are simpletons, and the one class preys on the other. The Tory party is always driven to these tricks; they cannot otherwise appeal to the multitude. If they complain that too many customs duties have been repealed, they will perhaps kindly tell the working men what duties they will put on again. Is it the duty on corn, or cattle, or do they wish a duty on imported cotton? If a foreigner will not buy cheaply from us, will it mend the matter if we refuse to buy cheaply from him or from some other foreigner? If wages have risen from 20 to 50 per cent. since 1840, is this consistent with a wrong policy as to our foreign trade? The pamphlet to which you refer bears the marks of having been written in Bedlam; it is a mere confusion of figures, and is wholly without logic or sense. The good harvest will tend to restore health to the general trade of the country, and when we have a sufficient supply of cotton Lancashire will recover from its present distressed condition. It is more cotton we want, and not more taxes on imports. I suspect the people of Lancashire will not fail to understand this."

FUNERAL OF THE LOVERS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—On Wednesday afternoon (says the *Liverpool Mercury* of Saturday) the village of Stanningley, Yorkshire, was the scene of one of the most impressive spectacles ever seen in that place, a scene witnessed by an immense crowd of people, numbering many thousands, who flocked in from the surrounding villages for many miles. The occasion which drew such a vast concourse was the funeral of Thomas Hardaker and Emma Carrick, the lovers who were struck dead by lightning on Sunday. From the fact that the deceased couple had been Sunday school teachers, and of irreproachable character, unfitted to the tragical nature of their death, the greatest commiseration was felt for their families, and a profound veneration has been caused in the district around. The remains of Thomas Hardaker were taken in a hearse to Stanningley, from the house of his father at Pudsey, accompanied by mourning coaches containing the relatives of the deceased. The mournful procession was joined at Town-street, Stanningley, about four o'clock by the hearse bearing the remains of Emma Carrick, and side by side the hearse were slowly driven to St. James's Church. On either side walked a number of young men and women—Sunday-school teachers and scholars—the women attired in black interlarded with white, and the men in mourning. Arrived at the church gates the coffins were borne into the sacred edifice, still side by side, by the male and female teachers, and were carried up the central aisle, the sexton and clergy preceding the mourning companies.

the burial service as the procession advanced. A cross formed of flowers was placed on Hardaker's coffin by the Rev. C. F. Bowker, Rector of St. James's, and a similar one was placed on Emma Carrick's coffin by Mrs. Bowker. The clergy and choir accompanied the bodies to the grave side. Hardaker's remains being deposited first, and the young woman's coffin was placed on the top. The funeral service was continued by the Rev. C. F. Bowker, the choral portions being taken up by the choir. The anthem "I heard a voice from Heaven" was sung at the grave side, and the solemn service concluded with the hymn "Brief life is here our portion." The crowd in the churchyard was very great; most of the mills were closed, and troops of young girls went to gaze into the grave before the coffins were finally covered up. It has been suggested that a public subscription should be commenced to raise a monument over the grave of the unfortunate couple.

LAW AND POLICE.

WILLIAM WALTER WHEPLEY was committed for trial by the Lord Mayor on Saturday on the charge of forgery and fraud. The prisoner reserved his defence, but his counsel, Mr. Montagu Williams, said he was instructed to explain that whatever his client had done in the matter had been at the instigation of a man named Armstrong, and that he hoped to produce him at the trial to give an account of himself.

TAKING WINE INTO THE WORKHOUSE.—An old man named James Higgs, a pauper in Wandsworth workhouse, was charged at the Wandsworth police-court on Monday morning with carrying wine into the building. There has been so much drunkenness in the house lately that on Saturday the master ordered all the inmates who had leave to go out to be searched on their return, and a small bottle containing port wine was found in the prisoner's pocket. He was fined 10s. or seven days' imprisonment.

WILLIAM HENRY HALL, the man who recently accused himself of having committed the Cannon-street murder, was charged on Monday at the Guildhall with attempting to commit suicide. A few days ago he went to a chemist's shop in Aldersgate-street, and asked for twopennyworth of white precipitate, which he immediately swallowed. He said that he was tired of his life, and wished to be out of it. There was nothing but trouble in it and he could do no good. Sir Sidney Waterlow said he had no right to take his own life. He was sent into this world to labour and to bear—that was his mission, and he had no right to attempt to take his life before his mission was accomplished. He then remanded the prisoner to have the state of his mind ascertained.

CHARITY MISAPPLIED.—George Watts, a gardener, living in Chelsea, had been in town on Sunday on business, and while resting in the park on his way home a young woman, named Elizabeth Ricketts, described as a servant out of place, came and sat near him and complained of being hungry. The gardener took her to a public-house and gave her food and drink, and afterwards missed his pocket-handkerchief. Feeling sure the young woman had taken it, he gave her into custody. She denied having the handkerchief, but on her being searched at the station it was found on her. She was brought up on Monday morning at Marlborough-street, when Mr. Knox sentenced her to three months' imprisonment, and advised Mr. Watts to be careful in future whom he spoke to in the streets of London.

A BARRISTER CHARGED WITH ANNOYING WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—Mr. Charles Worsley, described as a barrister, residing at 3, Eleanor-road, Holloway, was charged at the Worship-street police-court on Saturday with annoying women and girls in Dalston-lane, and assaulting a policeman in the execution of his duty. The policeman saw the prisoner speak to three ladies about half-past eleven o'clock in the morning, and when one of them made an indignant reply, he retorted by applying to her a very insulting epithet. The policeman, who distinctly heard what passed, went up to the prisoner and told him that he should have to take him into custody, and the prisoner then turned upon him and deliberately struck him in the face. The ladies had declined to appear. Another witness stated that he had seen the prisoner annoy other women. The magistrate remanded him for a week, but consented to take bail.

A PRECOCIOUS THIEF AND RUFFIAN.—At the Westminster police-court on Monday morning, Frederick Dance, a boy of twelve years of age, was charged with stabbing his brother Henry, aged fifteen. The boys quarrelled because Frederick had put on Henry's collar, and the elder struck the younger a blow on the side of the head. The younger boy then seized a knife, and chased his brother round the room, making stabs at him with it, and in defending himself the elder boy's fingers were cut. Their mother then interfered, and took the knife away. The mother said that her husband had left her with five children, and she had to work as an ironer to a laundress to maintain them. The younger boy was a great trouble to her. He stayed out all night, and robbed her right and left. When she had obtained situations for him he had lost them by pilfering and other misconduct. Mr. Arnold said he would send the boy to Feltham, and remanded him.

A BRUTAL HUSBAND.—Henry James Hill, a river waterman, was charged at Marlborough-street with assaulting his wife. The complainant said that on the 24th of April last her husband came to her and said he wanted to speak to her, but as he had sold off their home about five weeks before and turned her and her children into the streets, she told him she did not want to have anything to say to him. He asked her to assist him with money, and on her refusing he gave her a violent blow on the nose. She took no steps against him at the time, but on his threatening her a few days after she applied for a warrant against him, but it was never put in force. Last Monday night he came to her and kicked her in the eye while she was lying on the bed with her child. All she wanted, she said, was to have her husband bound over not to annoy her. The prisoner said he would not annoy her any more. Mr. Knox sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

SUMMONSES FOR LIBEL.—An application was made at the Mansion-house on Saturday for summonses against Mr. Richard Barrow, chairman of the Shareholders' Association of Overend, Gurney, and Co., for publishing a defamatory libel against Dr. Adam Thom and Mr. Oswald Howell. The libel complained of was contained in an advertisement inserted in some of the newspapers, the tendency of which, it was alleged, was to accuse Dr. Thom and Mr. Howell of having misappropriated the funds entrusted to them for the purpose of protecting the interests of the shareholders and depositors. The solicitor who appeared for Mr. Howell said that under ordinary circumstances he should have discontinued the idea of the application, but until the month of November the civil channels of legal redress were closed to Mr. Howell, and it was impossible for him to allow so serious an imputation to rest on his character for a single hour. The summonses were granted.

SENSITIVE BUT NOT SENSIBLE.—At the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday, Mary Cocklin, 40, a married woman, was indicted for assaulting John Driscoll. She pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor lives at 23, Garden-street, Poplar; and on the 25th of July, it will be remembered, was sitting outside his door, singing a song about "Mary Ann," when the prisoner, who lived over the way, came across the road and asked him what he meant about "Mary Ann," and what he had got to say against her daughter "Mary Ann." She was sensitive, and didn't like it. He remarked there were more "Mary Ann's" than one, and she had better mind her own business; upon which she ran into her house and returned with a poker, and struck him across the head with it, causing him to bleed profusely. He became insensible, and was conveyed

to an hospital, where he remained an in-patient for a week. The prisoner was the worse for drink. Mary Ann Blyth, of Dock-street, saw what took place, and ran to the prisoner's assistance. The prisoner said the prosecutor came over to her and knocked her down. She never used a poker, nor anything of the kind. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and Mr. Payne sentenced her to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

INDECENT ASSAULT BY A PRIEST.—At the Thames police-court, David Brosnahan, who was described as a Roman Catholic priest, was charged with indecently assaulting a young married woman named Catherine Moran, living at 10, Soden-street, Bromley. The complainant stated that she was a native of Ireland and a Roman Catholic. Her husband was foreman to a paraffin manufactory. On Wednesday afternoon she was in her own room in the lower part of the house suckling her child, when the prisoner entered and asked her if she had anything for him, which she understood to mean did she intend giving him a subscription towards the building of a Roman Catholic chapel; she said she had not. He then took a chair, sat down opposite to her, and indecently assaulted her. He then asked her to come upstairs, and she told him she would not, and that she would tell her husband what he had done. He then left the house. The prisoner denied the charge, and said that the reason he had asked the complainant to go upstairs was because he thought the lower part of the house did not belong to her, and he wanted to speak to her about the mission he was upon. Mr. Benson committed him for trial. It has since been stated that he is not connected with the priesthood.

A POLICEMAN SUMMONING AN INSPECTOR.—A case which excited great local interest, occupied the Wallingford magistrates on Friday from eleven o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. A policeman named Webb summoned Inspector Mansell, police-constable Gould, and a man named Wellman, for assault, and there was a counter charge against Webb for drunkenness. Webb was drunk, and in removing him to the station the inspector and his assistants appear to have treated him very brutally. Mrs. Webb said she saw her husband lying on the ground. Mansell was on his chest, Gould on his stomach, and Wellman on his legs. She saw Mansell get hold of his head and strike it against the pavement as violently as he could. Then they carried him into the guard-room, tied his legs with a cord, and left him in the cell weltering in his blood. In the morning she found that the collar of his coat was covered with blood, his hair was matted, he had two black eyes, and his nose was swollen to a terrible size. There were bruises on his throat, arms, and shoulders, and he had also been kicked on the bottom of his back. The magistrates found Webb guilty of drunkenness, and fined him 10s. and 11s. 6d. costs. The Mayor said it gave the bench very great pain to inflict the highest penalty in their power upon Inspector Mansell, who would be fined £5, including costs. The summonses against Gould and Wellman were dismissed. On leaving the hall, Mansell, Gould, and Wellman were loudly cheered, and Wellman was followed by a crowd of 200 people, and hoisted through the streets. The mob also made an attack upon his cottage, in St. Leonard's-lane, and smashed the windows and the door with brickbats.

FRAUDS BY FORGED CHEQUES.—At the Mansion House on Monday, John May, aged twenty-one, dealer, and George Hall, thirty-eight, commercial traveller, were charged, on remand, before the Lord Mayor, with obtaining ten cases of brandy worth £21 12s., and twelve cases of the value of £25 4s. by false pretences, and by means of forged cheques. In the first case the prosecutor was Mr. William Tucker, a wine merchant in the Minories, and the prisoner May called upon him on the morning of the 26th of August with a letter purporting to be signed by Mr. C. B. Homer, a publican of Limehouse, and ordering twelve cases of brandy. Mr. Tucker believed the story of the prisoner, and eventually in the afternoon allowed him to take away ten cases of brandy, on receiving a cheque on the Limehouse branch of the London and County Bank for £21 12s., the amount of the invoice, which also purported to bear Mr. Homer's signature. This was afterwards discovered to be a forgery, and Mr. Homer, on being applied to, disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction, or of the prisoner, who had represented himself to be one of his servants. Eventually both prisoners were found at a house in Chad-street, Old Ford, and were arrested by detective Sergeant Funnell. In a room on the ground floor twelve cases of brandy were found, which were identified as having been obtained on the previous day from Messrs. Osborne and Tarry, wine-merchants, in the Strand. In that case the prisoner May had used the name of Messrs. Coates and Co., of High-street, Whitechapel, and had given in payment a forged cheque for £25 4s. Mr. Tucker's brandy was not found. There were other cases against the prisoners, but they were not proceeded with. The prisoner made no reply to the charges when cautioned by the court. The Lord Mayor committed both prisoners for trial.

AN AMUSING ASSAULT CASE.—James Pelite, a ticket collector on the Metropolitan Railway, was summoned for assaulting Thomas Diprose. Complainant, a smartly-attired young man, said when he alighted from a train at Paddington defendant asked him, on tendering his ticket, for a penny. He asked what for, and he said for extra fare. He refused to give it, and asked to see the station-master. Defendant said he should not, and struck him. Complainant was asked if he had witnesses, and he said, "Dickens;" and the summoning officer was requested to call him. Kirby, the summoning officer, shouted "Charles Dickens; is he here?" (loud laughter.) Complainant—No, not Mr. Charles Dickens; George Dickens. (Renewed laughter.) George Dickens then appeared, and said: "I attend to Mr. Willing's book and paper stall at Paddington Station, and believe complainant was pushed." Mr. Lewis said: "I see that although you are not the celebrated author, you are engaged in a literary occupation, in keeping a bookstall. (Laughter.) Henry Diprose said—I am brother to complainant, and was at Paddington Station with him. Defendant asked for his address, and said, 'I dare say you will give one in the *S. von Dials*.' My brother said, 'You scamp, for saying anything like that,' and said he would see the station-master. He struck my brother, and knocked him against the post. He took my ticket and clicked it twice, so as to render it useless. I told the station-master, and he seemed surprised. Robert Ford, a clerk, called for the defence, said—I heard defendant ask for the excess fare, and called him a scamp, and rushed at the gate; and as he did so his 'dickey' came out. Mr. Mansfield wished to know what he meant by a 'dickey?' Witness—A false shirt front, complainant rushed to the sliding gate and called a defendant a scamp. Defendant said, 'Am I a scamp?' and pushed him. I should have very likely done more. I think altogether it was about half and half. Mr. Lewis—I believe you can get half-and-half at the refreshment bar? (Laughter.) Witness—I don't know about that. You seem to know. Mr. Sampson—Do you know anyone at this station? Witness—Yes, I know a boy that re. Mr. Sampson—His name? Witness—He is known by the name of Oliver Twist. (Roars of laughter, in which the magistrates joined.) Cross-examined—Defendant discovered that the 'dickey' was not linen but paper. I should have knocked a fellow down if he had called me such a name, and without any foundation. He did call defendant a scamp, and he let out with his right hand. Mr. Mansfield told this witness however much he might feel annoyed at having abusive words used towards him, not to knock anyone down, but to seek redress by means of the law, or he might get into trouble. As regards the case, it was a foolish business altogether, and ought not to have been brought into court. He did not think complainant had suffered much. Defendant must pay 2s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. costs.

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